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THE SAFEGUARD.

BY ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

A baby crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and lulled to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired was he,
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said that when men drew near
To fierce temptation of deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or perilled their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel's hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a noble life.

The story is true for the world to-day:
We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand—
The hand of a little, helpless child.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU can find time for any one and every one but me," said Colonel Trentham. "Why is it?"

I longed to say, "Because I do not like you;" but good manners forbade such plain-speaking.

"I assure you," he continued, "that I have found favor with other ladies. Have I been so unfortunate as to displease you?"

"You have neither pleased nor displeased me," I replied.

"Then I am doubly miserable," he said, "for I have tried my best to please you—I have indeed."

"It was hardly worth the trouble," I answered coldly.

"It was no trouble.

"I wish you would understand, Lady Laurie."

"I do understand—that I must go. I am going out this morning. I shall be late if I linger here.

"Will you allow me to pass, Colonel Trentham?"

"I would say 'No' if I dared," he replied. "I would fain force you to stay here until you spoke one kind word to me. You talk to Mr. Manners, you talk to the Earl. Captain Philips declares you are the brightest girl he ever met. But you never talk to me."

Here was a chance to enlighten him a little.

"Do you ever see me talking to the Marquis?" I asked.

"No," he said, looking surprised. Then his face flushed. My little winged arrow had gone home. "You do not mean—you do not think——"

"I think and mean nothing. Please let me pass, Colonel Trentham;" and this time he made no objection.

The other door of the conservatory led into a fernery, where there was a pretty miniature cascade.

If he should dare to follow me thither, I would certainly tell him what I thought. Then the great sprays of trailing ivy that hid the entrance of the fernery were pushed aside.

Ah, happy me!

This time it was Lance.

"I came to look for you," he said. "I thought I heard the sound of voices—yours and Colonel Trentham's. Was he with you?"

Though he asked the question in a careless fashion, there was something in his voice that caused me to look up quickly.

"Yes," I replied.

I could see, while he was certainly not displeased, he was perplexed, bewildered.

Then, as his eyes met mine, I felt that there was an inquiry in them.

"I know what you are thinking," I cried; "but it is groundless. I do not like him. I——"

Then I stopped, overwhelmed by the folly of my own words. Ah me, what had I said?

Trying my best to nullify the effect of my speech, I continued—

"I mean that I do not care for him—for that type of man."

"But, Laurie, if you do not care for him, why do you encourage him?"

"I am so glad you have asked me," I replied.

"You do not understand. I do not like him, Lance; but he will follow me, he will talk to me, and he will not be rebuffed."

"I see," said my cousin; and an air of relief came over his face.

"The women of our family all make sad havoc of the peace of mind of the men they meet.

"I hope he is not tiresome," he added, half smiling.

"You must tell me, Laurie. I must protect you from all annoyance."

"I wish, Lance, he would leave me alone," I cried.

"Besides, he is an admirer of Gladys—at least, Lady Ullswater said that last season he was like her shadow."

"Yes, we all thought he liked Gladys," said Lance. "So you do not like him, Laurie?"

"No. I do not like tall dark men; they are not my style."

"I remember; you like fair men, Laurie?"

"Indeed I do, and no others," I replied.

Then he took my hand in his, and we forgot all about the Colonel and his intentions. We talked of the flowers and ferns, and, in our sweet calm happiness, we seemed to be very far away from the world and its cares.

I was ashamed of my own great joy, and I wondered vaguely how this passionate love-dream of mine would end, and what would become of me.

If my cousin should find out my secret! Then I had a thousand good resolutions as to hiding it; yet I must have told it in every happy glance that I gave him.

* * * * * *

It was the night of the dance.

Lady Ullswater had expressed a decided wish that we should not call it a "ball."

It was too early for a ball, so soon after my father's death; but an informal dance, just to please the young people, was quite another thing.

It occurred to some of us that the preparations were very extensive.

Her ladyship had evidently decided that the Marquis should be aroused to a declaration this evening.

Everything else had been tried—rambles in the grounds, rides and drives, flirtations in the picture-gallery; the last resource was a dance.

If that failed, Lady Ullswater advised her daughter to give up all thoughts of the Marquis, and turn her attention to some of the less eligible admirers who had sighed around her.

To Gladys her ladyship had given similar advice.

If the Colonel showed no intention of proposing to her, why, the only thing to be done was to let him go.

Long afterwards I heard what passed on that memorable evening.

Daisy never made any secret of it, but Gladys did.

Daisy's dress was a triumph of art—white silk with blue roses.

It suited her fair ethereal style of beauty well.

Gladys was magnificent in cream-colored silk with crimson flowers.

I dressed, in the hope of pleasing Lance, in black velvet, cut with the low square bodice and hanging sleeves that one finds in old Venetian pictures, and trimmed with a deep fringe of scarlet fuchsias.

The first person I caught sight of was the Colonel, who at once hastened to me.

"Lady Laurie, how many dances will you give me? I have been waiting to see you before you fell into the hands of the enemy."

This was my first ball, it was true; but I had very often read in novels how girls acted in similar circumstances.

"I am sorry," I said coolly "but you are too late."

His face fell, and he looked so utterly wretched that, if he had been any one but Colonel Trentham, I must have been sorry for him.

"Too late, am I, Lady Laurie? I must be content, I suppose. I fear that in your eyes I shall be too late for everything."

"It cannot affect you very much," I said; "the room is full of pretty girls and nice dancers."

"I see but one," he replied.

I moved away impatiently.

It was not with an idea of listening to Colonel Trentham's compliments that I had anticipated that ball.

I knew that Lance would ask me to dance with him, and there was no disguising from myself the rapture the thought gave me. The first waltz was a duty-dance for him. I saw Daisy radiant with the Marquis, and the Colonel had consoled himself with Gladys.

When the waltz was over my happiness began.

I tried to look as though I were waiting for my cousin, and not as though I were delighted to see him.

"Laurie," he said, "I hope you have not given all your dances away."

I showed him my tablets; they were clear.

"May I take as many as I like?" he said, laughing.

"Just as many."

"I shall take all I can. Do you like waltzing, Laurie?"

"Very much indeed."

"So do I," said Lance. "Which is your favorite waltz, Laurie?"

"'The Manola,'" I replied, and was simple enough to wonder at the coincidence that a few minutes afterwards the band struck up the popular melody.

My cousin came hurrying back to me.

It seemed to me, when his strong arm was thrown around me and his fair head towered above mine, that we floated away together into a world where there were no care and sorrow, no past, no future, but only a vivid sense of the passionate glorious present.

It seemed to me that there was a new light in the eyes which looked down into my own.

When Lance left me—Lady Ullswater had sent for him, and he had whispered to me that he should not be absent long—I tried to calm myself, to remember all that Miss Pentarn had said about impetuosity. I was dimly conscious of tall figures and bearded faces bending before me, and of my being asked to dance; but the thought of another man's face bending over mine, was insufferable to me.

Daisy was radiant; so I fancied everything must be going in accordance with her desires. The Marquis looked pinker and weaker than ever.

Gladys passed me by, her hand on the Colonel's arm, looking happier than I had seen her look before; yet her eyes darkened when they rested on me.

Mr. Manners came to me as the band was beginning a set of quadrilles.

He asked me to dance them with him, and I bethought myself that perhaps, after all, it was hardly the thing to refuse to dance with any one but my cousin; so we walked quietly through a quadrille, my partner amusing me by his quick, bright comments on all he saw.

Then Captain Phillips asked me for the "Lancers."

But the next dance, which was a waltz, I gave to no one.

I hid behind the tall flowering shrubs, where I could watch the dancers without being seen—of course watching the dancers meant watching Lance.

He had a certain number of duty-dances which he must go through; but I noticed with a thrill of pleasure that his heart did not seem to be in his work; his eyes wandered round the room.

Could it be possible that he was looking for me?

From one of the large windows near me I could see the glorious landscape bathed in the silvery radiance of the fair full moon.

My heart beat fast as a hand touched mine lightly.

"You are dreaming about the moonlight, Laurie.

"We will go out and enjoy it soon, but not now, for this is our waltz."

Again Lance placed his arm around me, and we floated away to the strains of the "Soldaten Lieder."

Both music and dancers seemed inspired, and the waltz lasted longer than any of the others.

When it ceased, my cousin looked at me with a smile.

"You are the best waltzer I ever met, Laurie," he said.

"And you look as though you had just entered the ball-room—not a flower is out of place.

"Look at Lady Mary!"

Noting how red, flurried, and out of breath she was, I felt indeed that it was good to be young, slender and supple.

"Are you tired?" asked Lance.

And I answered "No!" for, in truth, I felt I could have gone on dancing with him for ever.

"You will like to have a peep at the moonlight, I know, Laurie. Let me find a wrapper for you."

He placed a black lace shawl around me, and, when we had passed through the conservatories, we found ourselves by a tranquil mere, where the silence was unbroken save for the faint cry of some night-bird and the music of the rippling water. How beautiful, calm, and fair the night was!

"We will have a happy ten minutes, Laurie," said my cousin—"ten minutes in the moonlight alone."

He placed me on a rustic seat under an oak, and drew the black lace round my neck and arms, letting it fall over my hair so lightly that it did not crush the beautiful fuchsias.

"Commend me," he said, "to a beautiful face in the moonlight."

I glanced at him, and wondered if he guessed what he was like himself; and the fairness of the scene grew on me as does the sweetness of a choice melody.

I saw the shining waters of the mere, the white lilies sleeping on its breast; I saw green trees that surrounded it, the blue sky stretched above, the fair white moon and stars; I saw a pale face, clearly defined as though chiseled in marble, with the dawn of passion on it.

I bent my head in sheer happiness, and it found a resting-place on my cousin's shoulder. How it happened I could not tell.

He did not seem to be surprised, nor was I.

We did not say much.

Then he drew me nearer to him; he caressed my hair, he touched lightly the fuchsias that the wind so faintly stirred; but he uttered not a word; and the silence was all the sweeter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was an eventful evening—the evening of the ball at Yatton.

Daisy gained her desire, and Colonel Trentham made me an offer of marriage. Daisy was not at all reticent about the final coup which had forced the pink-faced young Marquis to his destiny.

She told Gladys afterwards how she had led him so far that he could not retire, and how he had asked her to be Marchioness of Ruthlan.

"My fate is settled—I shall do as I like with my husband!" she cried delightedly. "I mean to enjoy life. I am so pleased, Laurie, that I could almost forgive you," she added, turning to me with a smile.

"I do not know what you have to forgive," I replied.

"To tell you the candid truth," she said, "deprived of fifty thousand pounds, I did not think the Marquis would care for me. I find my charms more potent than I had ventured to believe.

"Now, Gladys, I am to be Marchioness of Ruthlan at Christmas. What is the Colonel going to do?"

This was the morning after the ball, and we were in Lady Ullswater's boudoir, awaiting her appearance.

Daisy was in high spirits, Gladys in the worst possible humor, and I was miserable.

My whole evening had been nearly spoiled because Colonel Trentham had insisted on making love to me, and, what was worse, had asked me to marry him. In vain I had tried to avoid him, with my heart quite full of some one else. I almost hated him.

I could not bear to see his eyes, full of admiration, following me, to find that he dogged my footsteps, that he watched his opportunities, and whenever I was alone for one moment came to me.

I saw how Gladys watched him; and I would have given anything if he would have gone back to her and have remained with her.

I wanted no one but Lance; the rest of the world was but a world of shadows to me.

I had been rude to the Colonel, discouraged him by every means in my power, told him almost plainly that he annoyed me.

It was of no use.

He had found me in the white drawing-room, as we called one of her pretty rooms leading into the ball-room, and, without warning, made me an offer of marriage.

He had loved me, he said, from the first moment he had seen me, and he should love me until death.

While he was speaking to me, his face pale with passion, his eyes shining, his lips quivering, another face rose before me. I hardly heard his words; I looked at him however with eyes that told my thoughts fairly enough.

It was my first offer of marriage; but I felt no pleasure, no elation, none of the triumph usually supposed to attend such an event.

My answer was brief, but to the point.

I told him that I did not like him, and that I never would marry a man I did not love.

And, finding that I was firm in my refusal, that no pleading of his could move me, he left me at last with a frown on his face and an unpleasant look in his eyes. I tried to forget the occurrence.

To me it was nothing more than a disagreeable interlude.

To him it was more serious, and Gladys Ullswater suspected it.

That had almost spoiled my evening. I should have been quite happy but for that.

"What shall you do with the Colonel?" Daisy had asked, and Gladys answered—

"What indeed! Some people are not satisfied until they have robbed one of everything."

As she speaks, she looked at me, and the cold cruel words stabbed me to the very heart.

Before I had time to answer, Lady Ullswater came into the boudoir. She looked first at Daisy's radiant face; then she went up to her and kissed her.

"You have good news for me, I am sure," she said. "I can read it in your face, Daisy."

"Yes mamma. I shall be Marchioness of Ruthlan, with your permission and blessing, at Christmas."

"You have done well, my dear. I am delighted.

"After all my disappointments and failures, this is happiness indeed."

"Darling mamma," cried Daisy, "you have not had so many disappointments, after all."

"More than I could well bear," sighed her ladyship, glancing at me. "And you, Gladys?" she continued. "I was pleased to see you dancing with Colonel Trentham last night."

The proud lips paled as Gladys answered—

"Laurie monopolized the Colonel last evening, mamma."

"Laurie has a talent for monopoly," declared her ladyship.

"Mamma," said Daisy, who, as the coming Marchioness of Ruthlan, was now first favorite, "I want to speak to you. Come with me; Gladys will follow us." And I knew that they were going to hold a consultation about me.

Gladys gave me a parting shot before she left me.

"You seem to like the title of Earl," she said.

"I should have fancied that one bearing it would have been the same to you as another."

I did not understand, so could not answer.

Then as I heard long afterwards, a council of war was held, and it was decided that I should be punished. It was Gladys who betrayed me.

"I am sure," she said, "however much the girl may try to hide it, that she is fond of Lance; and he encourages it."

"Fond of Lance!" cried her ladyship, with quivering lips.

"Has she not done us harm enough? Fond of Lance indeed! Why, I would rather—I would rather almost see Lance dead than wedded to the girl who has really marred our lives."

"Mamma, if I were in your place, I would ask Lady Maud Trent down," said Daisy, whose own good fortune had made her think more of her sister.

"You remember how Lance admired her. Ask her mamma. She will be pleased to come, I know."

And they discussed it together, and finally decided upon the plan, that was to cause me such bitter pain.

I had resolved that nothing should ever induce me to betray my secret—that I would keep such guard over myself that no one should ever guess it; yet they had all found it out.

Lady Ullswater and the two girls had discovered it.

A blush, an unguarded look of mine a sudden tremor of the hands when he was near, perhaps some trifling incident in the evening hours when I had sung to him had told my secret.

However it might be, they had discovered it, and in some measure I was at their mercy.

Lady Ullswater had been quite opposed to any idea of her son's marriage.

By every possible means she had intended to hinder such an event; but, rather than that he should learn to care for me, she would have found a wife for him any day.

So, to prevent, if possible, the young Earl from falling in love with me, they invited Lady Maud Trent, who was to prove a fourth enemy in the household to me.

Long afterwards all the details of the plot were told to me.

"Lance always liked her," said Daisy. "I believe that, if he had seen more of her last year, he would have made her an offer. Better a thousand times that Lady Maud Trent should be mistress of Yatton than Laurie Dundas!"

Besides I was to be punished.

But for me, Gladys would have won the Colonel.

As Lady Ullswater explained it probably the money of which I had "robbed" her daughters had an attraction for him; but, apart from that, what could any one have expected from the daughter of such a man as poor Hugo St. Asaph?

Meanwhile I knew nothing of what was impending, and was happy as the day was long.

My whole life lay, as it were, a charmed circle.

The light that never fell on land or sea shone bright for me.

The Marquis, flattered by the attention paid to him in his new character of betrothed, remained at Yatton; but Colonel Trentham went away.

For some days after he had left us Gladys was pale and sad, although one could see how great an effort she made to disguise her feelings, and Lance—ah me, how little I knew what tale they had poured into his ears!—seemed puzzled and thoughtful; and I found him at times gazing at me with a wondering expression.

Knowing nothing of treachery, I did not think it possible that one person would invent untruths to the discredit of another. I could not help seeing that after the episode of the ball the three ladies disliked me more than ever; but I did not care.

Their dislike was nothing to me while the Earl was kind.

If ever he ceased to be kind, why, then the whole world would be changed, and I should no longer care to live.

"Come and sing for me, Laurie," he said to me on the night after the ball.

"I am tired to-night, and your music soothes me."

I went, as I would have gone to the world's end had he bidden me, and sang for him.

He reclined on the couch listening to me.

I saw his two sisters look at each other with a meaning smile; but I cared not. I was singing for Lance, not for them.

One morning—a bright October sun was shining, the air was cold and clear—as we went out of the breakfast-room, the Earl touched my hand lightly.

"Will you come to the library?" he asked.

"I have something to say to you."

I noticed that he closed the door carefully then, taking my hands, he led me to the fire.

"I have been waiting some days for half an hour's leisure, Laurie; but there is always so much to do. I want to talk to you.

"During all these long weeks, have you thought that I had forgotten your trust, and had done nothing towards trying to find your mother?"

"I thought you had been too busy to think of me," I answered.

"I am never that, Laurie. I have not only thought of you, but I should like to show you all the machinery I have set in motion."

He drew a chair to the table for me; having placed me comfortably, he showed me piles of newspapers, all containing advertisements for my lost mother, so carefully worded that no one but herself could possibly know for whom they were meant. I was surprised at their number and variety.

"We have had no answer to any of them," he said.

"I have waited hoping that I might have some news for you; but I am beginning to fear we shall never find any trace of her. It is such a big world.

"I have employed the best detectives, and they have been quite unsuccessful. Their opinion is that she must have left England.

"The only means of tracing her is the money, or shares she may have purchased or investments she may have made; but they told me yesterday that up to this present time they had not the faintest clue; and I am afraid, Laurie—I know it has been the fondest dream of your life to find your mother—but I am afraid——"

And then the musical kindly voice stopped.

I could hear the soughing of the wind; I could hear the tapping of the ivy as it was blown against the window-panes.

"It is a sore trouble to you, Laurie," he said; "I can see that. Had you much hope?"

"Not much perhaps; still I had a little," I answered.

"Poor child! It seems hard to lose it. We will not relax our efforts however, but rather redouble them, although I fear the chance is a small one."

After that I could have cried bitterly. I could have told him how cruel his mother was to me, how his sisters disliked me, how I longed for some one to love me; but I did not utter a word.

I remembered the Lady Laurie Dundas who had thrown herself before her husband to shield him, and had so given her life for his.

I could humbly imitate her so far that I could keep in my own heart all the trouble and annoyance that would, I knew, have pierced his.

"You are not unhappy, Laurie?" he said looking into my face; and I gazed at him steadily as I answered—

"No."

He seemed perplexed and anxious.

"You do not appear to be so happy, Laurie, as you were some few weeks since. You are not so bright; I do not hear you laugh so often.

"Is there anything the matter—anything wrong?

"Tell me, and I will try to set it right for you."

My lips quivered, and my eyes filled with tears; but I could not wound him, so true and just himself; I could not grieve him by telling him how his mother and sister persecuted me.

"There is nothing wrong," I said. "But I do long to find my mother."

It was perhaps a small sacrifice to make, to refrain from pouring out all my grief to him; but I felt scalding tears fall from my eyes

The next moment his arm was round me.

"Now, Laurie," he cried, "I cannot bear that.

"I know how disappointed and grieved you must be; but all is not so hopeless that you should shed such bitter tears. It is not as though you had had your mother, and had lost her.

"Do not cry, dear;" and he kissed the tears from my face.

Ah, I would have suffered pain thrice as bitter for the sweetness of that caress! "I feel guilty when I see you weeping," he continued.

"I feel almost like a usurper; and yet ——"

I looked up at him.

"How can that be," I asked, "when you are the one great comfort of my life?"

"Am I that, Laurie? I am proud of it, my dear."

If I loved him before, how much more did I love him after that! His kindness and affection were an oasis in the desert of my life.

"Laurie," he said, "you are shy with me; you seldom look at me when you speak. What is hidden in your eyes, dear?"

If he could not see how could I tell him? Away from him I had but one idea, with him but one idea—and it was that I must hide my secret always, and never betray it.

My heart was touched with his kindness with regard to my mother.

Who in the wide world cared for her living or dead, but Lance and myself?

He had done his best, and I was grateful to him, even though he had no success.

"Would you like to take these papers containing all the different advertisements with you?" he asked; and I was glad afterwards that I took them.

I fancied that, despite the amount of pressing business of which he had spoken, he seemed to linger, and to wish to keep me.

In the time to come I regretted with all my heart that I had been so reserved and I wished——

But wishes are all in vain.

"Was that what you wanted me for, Lance?" I inquired, knowing that it was an imbecile question, yet having no better to ask; wanting to go, yet longing to stay; longing to speak to him, yet afraid of uttering one word.

"Why, Laurie," he cried, in his kind genial fashion, "I do not understand you, child!

"What is wrong between you and me? You——"

I could bear no more, and I raised my eyes to his for one half moment. His own were glowing. He murmured something which I hardly heard, and then I hastened away.

That same evening Lance asked me to sing to him again; and loving all old English ballads, I chose one of my favorites, "Barbara Allan."

The visitors were all in the drawing-room with us.

The Marquis was at Daisy's side; Gladys stately and silent, was listening to Mr. Manners; most of the young people were busy at a round game, the older ones were enjoying the last scandal.

Lance had been restless all the evening. His handsome face had lost some of its calm. He had hovered about me as if he wished to say something to me, and then had hurried away, as if he feared to say it; and I had been puzzled.

I had been wondering if all our lives would pass thus—if I should, day after day, have the same alternations of pleasure and pain, hope and despair—wondering whether he would never see how much I cared for him, and then he had cut my musing short by coming to me and asking me to sing.

We went, together to the large recess where the grand piano stood.

"Sing to me, Laurie; there is something in me that wants exorcising. We will not have the lamps; you sing best in the dusk."

Then he threw himself upon the couch, and I saw that his beautiful eyes were troubled, and that there were deeper lines than usual round the mouth.

I would sing all his all away. If I had dared, I would have gone to the couch and have knelt down by his side and smoothed with loving hands the fair clusters of hair—I would have kissed the broad brow.

Looking at him, I felt that I would have given years of my life to kneel by his side for one minute and tell him that which he would never know.

But I had to curb such impulses; for me at present was no "fair hour of love avowed;" and I sang "Barbara Allan."

Some of Barbara's coldness and pride came to me as I sang of her.

Better is it, I thought to myself, to look on while another dies of love than die by inches oneself; but, if he were dying, my brave Lance, could I stand by and see—— A great sob made my voice falter, and my song came to an abrupt termination.

"Why, Laurie, you are—— I believe you are crying!" cried the Earl; and the next moment he was by my side.

"Laurie," he began eagerly, and then stopped.

"You sing that song very nicely, Laurie; but you are not in the least like Barbara Allan," said a clear cold voice.

And Gladys laughed a cruel malicious laugh.

I knew she was thinking of the lover who had left her and sought me, and whom I detested with all my heart. I soon recovered my composure; but I sang no more that evening.

* * * * * *

I look back on the pleasure and pain of those days as on a fevered dream. I can remember the long nights when I never slept, the long days brightened only by glimpses of my cousin Lance, the troubled thoughts, the passionate love, the longing for the sight of him or the sound of his voice, the jealousy which tore my heart and seemed to burn my very brain.

Lady Ullswater and her daughters had read the secret that I had hardly dared to whisper even to myself.

I knew that my whole face changed when Lance came near me, I knew that love transfigured me; and in some unguarded moment they must have read my secret, and with the knowledge came the desire to punish me.

They had always disliked me—naturally enough, I admit; and now the time was come when they saw their way clear to make me suffer for all the annoyance that my appearance had caused them.

Afterwards I learned how with light laughter and light words they planned that which darkened my life, yet brought one of my greatest joys to me.

I noticed one morning that a button was loose on one of a favorite pair of chamois gloves belonging to Lance.

"Let me stitch that for you," I said to him; and with a smile, he gave it to me.

It was a keen delight for me to render him even so small a service; but I did not know that the pleasure was shown in my face.

"One would think that the glove belonged at least to a prince, Laurie," said Gladys, "you hold it so daintily;" and she laughed a scornful laugh that made my face burn hotly.

I suppose she thought no treatment too bad for me, for whom or for whose money the Colonel had forsaken her.

"You ought to treasure that glove, Lance," she said; "Laurie has mended it with such devotion.

"Did you mend Colonel Trentham's gloves, Laurie?" she added, with another cruel laugh.

Lance moved away, lest he should be tempted to say something that his sister might not like.

"I should advise you to take care, Laurie," continued Gladys.

"No doubt you think yourself, with your St. Asaph beauty and your fortune, irresistible; you think you can indulge your whims and fancies as you will.

"I warn you you will not have everything your own way."

With my old reckless impetuousness, I was on the point of making her such an an-

swer as would have severed all acquaintance; but I stopped myself, and, Gladys looked just a little ashamed of herself.

I broke off my threads, and was going away, when she said suddenly—

"I will take my brother's glove to him, Laurie; he has gone to his study."

The voice and accent was most insulting.

She evidently intended to convey to me that it was not fitting I should go in search of him.

By a supreme effort I controlled myself.

I gave the glove to her quietly enough, without a word or comment, and she went away with it.

On another morning, when breakfast was over, Lance said he wished a document copied, and looked up, as though asking who would do it.

I eagerly offered.

He smilingly accepted my help; and while I was busy over the copying, Gladys passed by me.

"A labor of love," she said, with a sneer.

It was not the words so much as the accent and the glance that were offensive.

She wanted to insult me, to quarrel with me; but I was on my guard, and the St. Asaph temper was curbed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All's Fair in Love.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

HARRY LESTER, he of deep chest, the broad shoulders, curly fair hair, and blue eyes, was considered an extremely eligible man.

In the greater glory of his brother's beauty and prestige, frank-faced, dark-eyed John Lester was completely over-shadowed and almost forgotten, until a wily matron, whose younger daughter had angled in vain for the handsome Harry, suddenly remembered seeing the younger Mr. Lester in company with that "forward minx at the farm-house—you know the one I mean"—to her especial confidant, Mrs. Eugene Fairfax—"the girl who passes here so often. I believe someone invited her to the dance on Saturday night."

"Oh, you mean that Edie Lawrence! I have heard of her—an incorrigible flirt; she and John Lester had been a good deal together, but it is evident to me that she is using him as a tool.

"It would be only natural that Harry should join his brother once in a while. Trust me for it, John Lester will be 'thrown over,' as the men say, when once his handsome brother is fairly caught."

Mrs. Fairfax evidently hit upon an unusually true version of her neighbor's love affairs, for barely a week later John Lester's place at the table was vacant one morning, and his brother acknowledged that he had left.

Miss Lawrence's mother went away by the evening train, and her elder daughter, Ophelia, came down to take her place and play chaperon to Edie.

Miss Ophelia Lawrence, rather quiet and retiring, with steady gray eyes, and a kind, pleasant face, good, rather than beautiful, was regarded as somewhat of an old maid, and not by any means to be feared as a rival.

She was rather more of a favorite among the ladies than her younger sister.

Edie came into the house one night humming a lively tune.

Ophelia suspected that she had not been alone.

"Who was that with you, Edith?" she asked, very gravely.

"Mr. Lester," was the reply. "He would not come in."

"Aren't you a great deal with Mr. Lester lately, Edie?"

Edie didn't know.

Was she?

"Yes, and people notice it, dear; they say he is flirting with you."

"Do they?

"How silly!"

"I know it is foolish, but I don't like to have it said of you, my sister," persisted Ophelia.

"Only to-night I heard Mrs. Dayton say to Mrs Shewell that you were his latest conquest.

"You know he has the reputation of being a flirt, Edie; that most despicable thing—a male flirt!"

Edith's blue eyes flashed in a dangerous manner.

"And the world, including Mrs. Dayton, has at times been good enough to apply the same epithet to me!" she said, with curling lips, and an assumption of haughtiness that was just a trifle over-acted.

"Yet you do not manifest any great alarm for the safety of Mr. Lester's peace!"

"Because your natural gaiety and freedom of manner are far enough from flirting, no one thinks it of you; but Mr. Lester——"

"Don't be a goose!" yawned Edith. "Let's go to sleep."

Ophelia gave up the subject with a troubled head.

Her sister's happiness was very dear to her, and her own experience warned her of flirting men.

She was a practical woman of twenty-nine now, and had little to do with the romantic side of life.

She had the memory of the time when her heart was as light and her life as full of romance as Edith's own.

That time had vanished years ago, when she lost faith in the man who had won her girlish love for the pastime of a summer holiday, and then cast it aside when he was weary of it.

No wonder that her heart was heavy when she thought of a like fate for her sister. And what could she do to avert that fate?

Ophelia Lawrence was wise, but when did a happy-hearted girl ever profit by the experience of a disappointed elder sister?

The very next morning Edith went out for a sail with Harry Lester.

They were only summer visitors at this pleasant watering-place.

Edith had been there a month, and it was her first meeting with either of the Messrs. Lester; but Ophelia had once met Mr. Harry Lester in town, knew the world called him a consummate flirt, and she had heard a good deal of the same talk down here. It was two or three years since she had seen him, but even now she remembered the bluff, hearty, unconventional way he had, just the opposite of what one would naturally expect to find with a man who prided himself on the idle conquest of women's hearts, but all the more dangerous, perhaps, for that very reason, and she recalled with a sigh, as she thought of Edith, how the wonderful charm of voice and manner haunted her hours after he was gone.

Mr. Lester was very attentive to Edith when they met; he would always take her out sailing, or even riding once or twice, and come to the door, or gate, rather, of the house with her, as in duty bound; but he never came in, and Ophelia had never known him to call at the house, and pay a visit, once in a while, as men generally do when they are supposed to be courting.

Ophelia said something of this to her sister, and barely three nights later Edie brought in her cavalier, browned, stalwart, handsomer than ever.

Of course he was introduced to Ophelia, recollected having had the honor to meet her before, had never forgotten that pleasure—hoped Ophelia had remembered him, and begged her to count him among her friends. "If only for Edith's sake," he smiled, "seeing that through her I shall claim a little relationship to you."

Ophelia looked at him in sharp surprise, and then glanced at Edie, who blushed and laughed, and bit her lips; and she said nothing, but thought, "And so they are engaged. Heaven grant he may be true to her!"

That evening she went into the sitting-room, where Edie was sitting in the dusk, and sat down by her side.

They talked awhile as sisters do; bye-and-bye Ophelia whispered, "Edie, are you engaged to Mr. Lester?"

Edith shyly answered, "Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me the other day when I accused him of flirting with you?" demanded her sister.

"Oh, because," laughed Edie, "we meant to keep it secret until he comes—I mean, that is, for a long time yet; but as Harry has told you, I suppose it is just as well; only you must not tell anyone else.

"And oh, Ophelia dear, if you knew him as I do, you would not think him anything but what is noble and good."

"I begin to believe you," answered her sister, with a smile.

But she sighed the next moment, thinking sadly of one whom she believed true and noble, and wondering if Harry Lester would prove more faithful to her sister than he had proven to herself years before.

As the summer days went by, and she saw more of Harry, who came quite frequently now, she grew to value him at his true worth, not as the world saw him, and she believed that he was true and good.

As she came to know him well she liked him as she liked but few men, and she began to be anxious for his happiness instead of her sister's; for she doubted if Edie loved him as a girl should love her betrothed husband.

She seldom spoke of Harry unless Ophelia herself first referred to him, and never with that innocent, girlish embarrassment that would have been so natural had she loved the young man.

So she feared that Harry was not loved as he deserved to be.

One night she noiselessly entered the room, and found Edith pressing a picture to her lips.

"Caught, my dear!" she cried.

The next moment a look of bitter indignation came into her face, and she drew away from her sister, saying, in tones of stern reproach, "Edith, I couldn't have believed this of you!"

For it was not Harry Lester's picture that Edith held, but a different face; young, and frank, and manly, but not Harry's.

"You are untrue to your lover," cried Ophelia, bitterly, as her sister sank helplessly on the ground, with her head buried in her knees, and shook with emotion.

"You are cherishing the picture of another, while he is wasting the love of his heart upon you, you false, wicked girl!"

Feeling her composure giving way, Ophelia turned and left the room.

Five minutes later, Edie managed to get up from her undignified posture, sighed deeply as she dried her eyes, and went to the desk which they shared between them for writing material.

But presently she was shaking again, and the little pink note, when it was written at last, had in truth rather a zigzag appearance.

Taken all in all, though, it evidently answered as well as a more official-looking document; for while Miss Ophelia Lawrence was enjoying her breakfast the next morning in solitary state, as far as concerned the rest of her family, Miss Edith, watching at her window, beheld a messenger open the gate and ring the bell.

A note for Miss Ophelia, and the bearer awaited an answer.

"MY DEAR MISS LAWRENCE,—

"Edith tells me that the time for explanation has arrived; believe me, I have awaited it with no little impatience.

"Will you permit me to call and make my excuses in person for the little deception which was practiced solely in the hope that the 'end would justify the means'—a hope that your answer to a question I am longing to ask may crush forever? But I am still brave enough to wish it put to the test.

"Sincerely,

"HARRY LESTER."

Ophelia forgot to finish her breakfast, and the next half-hour was one filled with conflicting emotions, in which bewilderment fought quite a battle with the new-born certainty resulting in the sudden destruction of the thin, flimsy veil which had covered the secret she had fancied was so securely hidden in her own heart that even she herself hardly recognized its existence.

The appearance of Mr. Lester's handsome figure but added "fuel to the flame," until that gentleman, without more ado, encircled her in his manly arms, and Edie, waxing impatient at last, and perhaps feeling herself just a trifle slighted after all she had done to bring them together, made bold to intrude, and came upon the "flirting" Mr. Lester and the "old-maidish" Miss Lawrence billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves, and indulging, after the manner of all lovers, in those soft, honeyed phrases which seem to be an especial delight to them, and a wonder to everyone else.

"Oh!" said Edie.

"I may presume we are both forgiven?"

And Ophelia laughed and grew rosy, for Harry had told her of Edie's private engagement to his brother John, and how the latter, ordered to France for a few weeks, had left her in his brother's care; also how Miss Edie, learning her sister's opinion concerning Harry Lester, and Harry Lester's private feelings towards her sister just about the same time, had made a confidant of her future brother-in-law, and solemnly assured him that he had no possible chance of winning her sister until he could persuade her that his "intentions were honorable"—he was not what she thought him; and as "all's fair in love and war," there was no possible harm in taking advantage of John's solemn charge.

By which Edie gained a little fun for herself, and a rich, handsome husband for her sister; for a little later in the year there was a double wedding at Mrs. Lawrence's comparatively plain town house, and the fashionable papers had an announcement under the list of marriages reading as follows:—

"LESTER—LAWRENCE.—At the residence of the brides, Harry Lester, to Ophelia, eldest daughter of the late John Lawrence, and John Lester, to Edith, second daughter of the late John Lawrence."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—In the course of five years the paid notes amount to 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles.

If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two third miles, or if joined end to end they would form a ribbon 12,445 miles long.

They weigh over ninety and two-thirds tons.

The greatest of rogues might be inclined to find some comfort in the extent and intricacy of such a store of old papers.

Of course, however, they are most systematically arranged, and any note of the seventy-seven millions may be pounced upon with the utmost celerity and precision.

At the end of five years these old notes are thrown into a furnace specially constructed for the purpose and burned.

It is a curious fact however, that so firm in texture is the paper of a genuine Bank of England note that burning alone can hardly destroy it.

The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnants of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago.

Though completely charred and black, the paper still holds together, and the printing of the note is said to be sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness, and to warrant its being cashed.

There are some other notes there which were cashed after having gone down with the Eurydice a few years ago and reduced to little better than pulp.

Indeed, the scraps and fragments which sometimes come into the bank to be cashed have a really ridiculous appearance.

On the occasion of a recent visit, for instance, the officials had under examination a number of fragments of discolored paper, none much bigger than a sixpence, and when put together presenting to the unskilled eye not the slightest resemblance to a note.

And yet it was pretty confidently asserted that the paper would be cashed.

It is beneath the dignity of the Bank of England to take, or even appear to take, advantage of accidents to their notes, and if there is an possibility of establishing the identity of one of them, it is sure to be duly honored.

Even where a note is entirely destroyed, proper evidence of the fact of destruction will be accepted and payment made.

As a strong body struggles against fumes with the more violence when they begin to be stifling, a strong soul struggles against phantasies with all the more alarmed energy when they threaten to govern in the place of thought.

Bric-a-Brac.

DEATH AND ASHES.—In Peru, as soon as death occurs, ashes are strewn on the floor of the room and the door fastened. Next morning the ashes are carefully examined for footprints, and the soul of the dead is said to have passed into the body of whatever animal the imagination traces in the ashes.

LAND IN CHINA.—All land not under the tillage in China belongs to the Crown, but can be converted into private property by the simple expedient of bringing it under cultivation and undertaking to pay the taxes. The cultivator thereupon receives a Government title free of cost, which is good against all the world. Land thus acquired can be freely sold in open market.

HAVING IT OUT.—Romanes, in his recent work on animal intelligence, tells of two dogs, one of which was a retriever and both being of one size, who lived in the same establishment, had a quarrel, and fought. "Having been chastised for this, on future occasions, when they quarrelled, they used to swim over a river of some breadth, where they could not be interfered with, and fight out their quarrel on the other side."

MARRIAGE IN NORWAY.—As soon as a young man and young woman are engaged in Norway, no matter in what rank of life, betrothal rings are exchanged. These rings are worn ever afterwards by the men as well as by the woman. The consequence is that one can always tell a married man, or at least an engaged man, in Norway in the same way as one can tell a married woman in England when she shows her hand. Gold rings are used by the rich but silver, either solid or in filigree, by the poor.

GERMAN ETIQUETTE.—Etiquette in Germany forbids the carrying of parcels, no matter how small, by a gentleman. Under immense pressure of necessity, a lady may take home in her own hands a small purchase, or carry a book or roll of music to the house of a friend, though she takes also in doing so a terrible social risk. And, when a dressmaker comes to try on a little walking-jacket, a small boy must needs walk behind bearing the garment on his arm. An officer cannot in any circumstances, carry anything when in uniform.

SOMETHING THRILLING.—Many persons have heard of betting on nails, or backing rival cockroaches in a race across the table. But these forms of sport have been voted antiquated by our lively friends in France, who, at a seaport celebrated for its oyster-culture, recently invented a thrilling way of betting on bivalves. The company repaired on a bright morning to the oyster-bed, where the creatures were opening themselves to the sun. Each chose his oyster, and put a napoleon between the shells; and the fortunate gambler whose oyster first closed upon the coin netted the whole pool.

QUEER NAMES.—The most astonishing peculiarities and marked differences occurring in proper names are one of the striking features of the various directories, New York and Chatham each have an M. D. within its precincts of the name of Dr. Coffin—very significant. Dr. Killum, notwithstanding the force of his name, enjoys a large practice in Erie, while in Buffalo Dr. A. Goodman practices upon good and bad alike. "Fred" Playfair is a well-known gambler. George D. Ward, a dealer in gents' furnishing goods in Ward street, Eighth Ward of Rochester, is agent for Ward's collars.

SLEEVE-VOLUMES.—The Chinese have long been in the habit of printing "sleeve-editions" of the classics to assist candidates at the competitive examinations whose memories are not sufficiently retentive. A similar benevolent idea has lately induced a native merchant at Shanghai to print a diamond edition of one of the largest lexicons in the language, consisting of one hundred and six books. That it might be small enough to be easily hidden in the candidates' sleeves or plaited into their queues, it was necessary to print it in so small a type that the editor announces that he will supply a magnifying glass to each purchaser to enable him to read it.

THE WORD "ASSASSIN."—"Assassin" is a corruption of the word *Anahshasheen*, a name applied to a notorious military and religious sect that flourished at the time of the Crusades, because they were supposed to be addicted to the use of hasheesh, or Indian hemp. The supreme head of the Assassins was called a designation which was corrupted into the "Old Man of the Mountain." When he required the service of any of his people, he first intoxicated them with hasheesh; and, when the fumes of the weed had transported them into a fool's paradise, they were ready for any deed of blood. The Assassins flourished in Syria until the end of the thirteenth century, when they were extirpated by Bibars.

ELEPHANTS.—Thick as is an elephant's skin, no living creature suffers more from flies, mosquitoes, leeches, and other vermin. The pores are very large, and gadflies and mosquitoes, &c., worm themselves into the hollow and suck to repletion. Thus the whole day long the elephants are constantly throwing up dirt, or squirting saliva or water, to get rid of these pests, to the great annoyance of their riders. They are very human-like in many of their ways. They get a piece of wood and use it as a toothpick. They scratch themselves with the tip of their proboscis, and, if they cannot reach the place with that, they take up a branch and use that. The natives of Ceylon say that they plug up bullet-holes with clay.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY F. J.

Children are we, our airy bubbles blowing,
Laughing, we see them lightly float away;
Life's sterner side unheeding, or unknowing,
We clutch at pleasure while 'tis called to-day.

To-day, and yet to-day, and so Time wingeth,
And armor rusts the while, and hearts grow cold;
The bubble's gone e'en with the mirth it bringeth,
Cheerless and lone, we wake to find us old.

For wind-blown fame see men striving, dying;
'Tis self-hood all—a bubble at the best.
We sacrifice to self, all else denying,
Upon the altar of a vague unrest.

While Life, the hydra-headed, round us teeming,
Demands our hearts and brains, to work and fight,
And burning questions press, while we lie dreaming,
And wrongs cry out, which we might help to right.

On one hand Ease, all earnest labor shirking,
Ignoble ease, ere noble Rest be won;
Upon the other—in the furrows working
Through noon's fierce glare, and in the end, "Well done."

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—[CONTINUED]

FOR an instant Brian Beaufoy looked as startled as though she had been in truth a ghost, and not a living trembling girl with hot blushes of shame in her cheeks, with a piteous smile on her quivering lips. Then, in a second, he recovered himself.

"Ninon," he said, "what are you doing here? Are you alone? I did not know you were in Marybridge."

"Yes," she answered faintly, "quite alone. I—I am going now. I must get back to the station."

She tried to pass him; but he stopped her with a hurried gesture.

"I thought you were at Davenant Court," he said, his unhappy eyes fastening themselves upon her face, and seeing even in that dusky light the ravages that the past two years had worked in her sweet beauty.

"I am going back there," she said very quietly.

She was beginning to control herself at last.

"I have been staying for a few days with Tiffany at the cottage."

"And you came away," he said abruptly, "that you might not meet me?"

"Yes," the girl answered, in a steady voice; "a meeting could only be painful to us both.

"I had no idea, of course, that you were still here, or I should not have attempted to enter the house.

"Forgive me, and let me go now."

She held out her hand—her little wasted burning hand.

It hardly trembled.

"You will say good-bye to me before I go," she said gently, and with her pretty smile.

"I—I am going a long way off. We may not meet again."

He took her hand and held it in both his own.

"Ninon," he said hoarsely, as he stood and looked into her face, "oh, pretty Ninon is this indeed you?"

She did not answer.

Her poor lips tried bravely to force themselves into a smile.

"Have you been ill?" the young man asked very gently. "My poor child, have you been ill?"

The tears came then, though she would not let them fall.

"I am not very strong," she said quietly. "I suppose that I have never quite recovered from the effects of the fever. But I am not ill, thank you, Brian."

She was saying to herself that these were the last words they would speak together, the very last words in all this world. She would speak only gentle ones.

She would have nothing to repent when she was gone, nothing to lie awake at night for, wishing vainly to recall.

How kind he looked, how manly, how strong!

How proud any woman must feel of having won his love!

How happy that woman would be whom he should one day call wife!

"You are happy with the Davenants?" he went on, still holding her hand.

She did not draw it away.

It was so sweet to stand there for a few moments, at peace with him, meeting his kind anxious eyes—and then it was for the last time.

"Very happy," she answered.

"Lady Davenant is one of the kindest of women."

"And you have made up your mind to stay with her, although Tiffany is now at home?"

The girl started, and gently took her hand from his.

"Only for a little while," she said quietly. "Tiffany understands. She will tell you. Lady Davenant is going abroad, and she wished so much that I should go with her. She is used to me, you see."

Brian looked at her some moments without speaking.

He was thinking of what had perhaps caused the passing disturbance in her blue eyes.

"I saw Katherine Ingram some little time ago," he said then, in a constrained voice. "She told me that Lady Davenant had become very much attached to you."

"She is very, very kind."

"And—Sir Robert?"—hurriedly.

"And Sir Robert too," the girl said very quietly.

There was another pause; then Mr. Beaufoy asked abruptly—

"Ninon are you going to marry him?"

She shook her head and smiled, though her pale cheeks turned a shade paler.

"No," she answered. "I am not going to marry any one. Katherine has been putting that into your head, I suppose; but it is not true."

"Ninon," he said again, "why don't you marry the man you love?"

She caught her breath suddenly, with a sobbing sound.

"You say you are not going to marry any one. But there is some one you care for; isn't there?"

"Oh," she said, smiling again, "perhaps there is.

"But it is all so long ago, I hardly ever think of it now.

"And—and I cannot marry the man"—her voice sank to a sweet broken whisper—"the man I love."

Brian walked away from her for a second and stood looking out the window into the deep twilight greenness beyond.

His face was disturbed.

Watching him with her wistful eyes, Ninon saw the two little perpendicular lines she remembered so well between his beautiful brows.

He seemed to be undergoing some struggle—debating with himself.

She waited for him to speak.

To be in the same room with him again was a happiness so deep, so oppressive almost, that she was not sorry to have a few moments in which to collect herself.

He came back after a while to where she stood with her hand on the back of a chair.

"You know, I suppose," he began again, "that Florry has been trying to bring about a reconciliation between Marcelle de Feroday and Quentin?"

"Yes," Ninon answered, coloring a little at the unexpected mention of his brother's name.

"I have heard that they are going to be married."

"That is not the case,"—curtly.

"I think it is right—I know that Lady Ingram is not always very scrupulous in what she says—that you should understand that Quentin, like you, declares that he will never marry.

"Ninon"—he drew a step nearer to the trembling girl—"forgive me if I speak of this.

"Heaven knows my only desire is to secure your happiness even"—in a low voice—"at the cost of my own. Forgive me, and tell what it is that is keeping you and Quentin apart?"

She was silent.

"Is this a time, is this a moment," he urged, "to maintain a reticence of which the results may be so grave to you, and to others beside you, dear?

"Listen to me Ninon! Sit down here for a few minutes, and let me speak to you as—as our relationship surely gives me the right to speak.

"I am Tiffany's guardian, in a way, am I not?

"Why may I not be yours? Why will not you confide in me, Ninon, and believe that I would do anything in my power to serve you?"

The tears were rolling down her face and falling upon her hands, as she sat with them tightly clasped in her lap.

"I know that—indeed I do!" she said. "I am not so blind or so ungrateful as you have had some reason hitherto to think me, Brian.

"And—and, though I did not look to see you here, I am glad now that we have met. I have had it in my heart for many a day that I should like to thank you for your great goodness to me and to Tiff, and to ask you—though I know you will, without my asking you—to take care of her for me when I—I am no longer here.

"You have my promise, dear," the young man answered gently.

"Tiff is very dear to me. You may safely trust her in my hands. But it was about you I wanted to speak—about you and Quentin.

"Ninon, have you nothing to tell me? Who knows when we shall meet again? Have you nothing to tell me before you go?"

"Nothing," she said, smiling at him through the fast-falling tears. "Do not ask me, Brian."

"Take care!" Brian said suddenly, his breath coming faster as he bent over her. "Take care, or I shall begin to think that it is not Quentin whom you love, but—me!"

"Brian!"

She started, trembling from her chair. Her heart leaped up within her.

"Oh," he went on hurriedly, "you will laugh at me perhaps again! But I have had wild thoughts about you sometimes since you sent me away. I have looked on all that wretched, troubled, happy time here in the old house where we first met, and I have said to myself that, in spite of your coldness, your scorn, you did love me."

She stood and listened to him without a word.

She felt suddenly breathless and exhausted.

"When I spoke to you before, dear," he went on gently, but with a passionate break in his voice, "you were in trouble; your engagement was but just broken off—I had no right to speak. I should have waited; but I felt as if I could not bear to let you go—delicate and suffering as you were—out into the world without asking you to trust yourself to me.

"Ninon, Heaven forgive you if, in your pride, in your resentment of my interference, you sent me away when you should have bid me stay!"

"Heaven forgive me!" she repeated, with blanched lips.

"But it is not even yet too late," he urged hurriedly.

She stopped him with a little cry.

"Yes—yes," she murmured, "it is too late!"

"Dear," he went on, "surely, at a time like this, when we are saying good-bye to each other for so long a time, there need be no false shame between us two!

"If you were mistaken then, is it Ninon Masserene who refuses now to acknowledge her error, to put her hands in mine, and say:

"'Brian, I was blind then; but now I see?'"

"It is too late!" she replied blankly, as he waited for her to speak.

"No," he answered; "it is never too late to atone for a wrong; and you did me a cruel wrong on that miserable day in the cottage over there.

"You told me that I had asked you to be my wife out of compassion—out of a sense of duty, you remember?"

"Yes."

"But will you believe me now, Ninon, if I tell you that it was because I loved you?

"I have loved you from the first moment that we met.

"Did you not know it—oh, Ninon, did you not know it?"

"No," she answered hoarsely, "I did not know it."

"You did not know it!" he cried eagerly; "not on the day when you came and asked me, you poor child, to protect you, and I was cold and hard, because I felt that the leaping of my heart was a wrong done to you, and to the man whose promised wife you were; nor on the day in the park, when you drove me nearly mad with what I thought your lie about the letter to Quentin; nor on the day when I held you for a few moments in my arms—

"Great Heaven, how often I have lived over those few moments since, and seen you, my pretty Ninon, with your fainting head upon my breast, and the lips I dared not touch so near my own!

"You had on a velvet wrapper, and your face looked so white—so white against its blackness.

"Ah, do not tell me that you opened your eyes and looked into mine that night, and did not know that I loved you!"

"I did not know," she repeated blankly; and something in her face and voice chilled the blood that was leaping so wildly in his veins.

White as death, she took a few unsteady steps away from him.

He quickly caught her hand and held her back.

"You know now," he said, in a hoarse voice.

"I have told you; and yet—you are going to leave me?"

"Yes," she said.

But she hardly heard him.

Her own words of the night before to Tiffany were ringing loudly in her tortured ears—"I give you to him—with my love."

She could not think, or reason—hardly suffer.

She only had a feeling that she must go away, that, if she stayed, her faith to her little sister was broken—that sister's young life ruined.

And hers was so nearly over.

"Ninon," Brian said, in a voice of a strong man in great pain, "speak to me at once!

"Tell me the truth.

"Do I not read it in your face? I have been mistaken, then?

"Though I love you, Ninon, you cannot love me?"

"I cannot love you," she tremblingly told him, and a dreadful silence followed on the words.

"Heaven bless you, my dear," he said, in a changed voice.

"You need not fear that I shall ever return to this.

"You have my heart—you cannot give me yours.

"Then there is no more to be said between us."

"No more," she echoed faintly, "except to remind you that I have given Tiffany to you, Brian.

"And you will be very good to her always, for my sake?"

"Always," he answered, solemnly.

CHAPTER L.

WHEN Quenton Beaufoy returned from his protracted travels in America, almost the first thing he heard from his sister in Paris was that Ninon Masserene was going to be married to Sir Robert Davenant.

"How do you know?

"Have you seen her again?" said the young man, abruptly.

He was much sunburnt, and had a thick, fair beard which excited Madame Du Mottay's liveliest admiration; but he looked worn and restless, and there was a discontented expression still in his blue eyes which Florry remembered to have seen before he went away.

"Katherine told me," Florry answered. "It is an old affair, it seems.

"Sir Robert met Ninon the year she came out."

"You have not seen Ninon lately then?" persisted Quentin.

His sister shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"No, I have not seen her," she answered.

"She is always to be found with the Davenants.

"The winter before last they went to Nice, and last year they were in Egypt.

"They have gone back now, I believe, to England."

"Is she so delicate?" Quentin again asked abruptly.

"Oh, was Ninon ever very strong?"—carelessly.

"I don't suppose there is much the matter with her.

"I hear that Sir Robert is awfully in love—very devoted, indeed."

Quentin walked away from his sister's chair, and went to the window, where he stood still looking out for some minutes in silence.

The leaves were coming out on the trees round the pretty little hotel in the Avenue Gabriel; rooks were cawing and sailing by to their nests among the horse-chestnuts in the Champs Elysees.

"And Brian?" he said at last, in a constrained voice, as he wheeled round and went back to the low chair in which Madame Du Mottay sat cutting the pages of a new novel.

"What does he say to Ninon's engagement?"

"Brian!" cried Florry, with a little scream.

"Don't talk to me of Brian, I beg!

"Really you two boys are enough to drive any sister mad.

"One arranges marriages for you, one gives you sensible advice, but it is all thrown away."

"Oh, I know that long ago you gave me up in despair!" said Quentin, smiling indulgently.

Both the brothers had always spoiled their pretty sister, even more than her long-suffering Gaston himself.

"But Brian—what has he done to excite your indignation?"

"Brian," returned Madame Du Mottay, with the quietude of despair, "is going to commit suicide.

"In other words, he is going to marry Ninon's sister, a red-haired little thing whom I believe you must have seen at Marybridge."

"Tiffany!" exclaimed the young man, in amazement.

"Brian is going to marry Tiffany!"

"That is her impossible name.

"Yes; with a hundred pretty women—a hundred titled women, a hundred heiresses to choose from, with all the world before him, he sees fit to engage himself to Tiffany Masserene, with whom it is his intention to settle down for life!"

"Tiffany is a very good little girl," said Quentin.

"A good little girl!

"What a description of the future Mrs. Beaufoy of the Priory!

"One can understand Brian's craze for Ninon, penniless as she was; her beauty was really so very unusual.

"But Tiffany——"

"I have no doubt Brian knows what he is about," her brother said curtly.

He sat, with his eyes fixed in a kind of stupid fascination on Madame Du Mottay's little jeweled hand, as she went on cutting her book.

"And that other fellow to whom she was engaged," he asked presently—"her cousin, I think, wasn't he?"

"My dear Quentin," replied Florry, nodding at him solemnly, "Mr. Strong has already consoled himself, Katherine tells me.

"He is married!

"It is a perfect case of hands across.

"Poor Ninon!

"She had not the knack, somehow, of keeping her lovers.

"It is a pity.

"With her face she might have done anything—anything."

"Nobody seems to have troubled themselves much about her since her step-mother's death," declared Quentin, with much bitterness.

"Why is she not with you, Florry, instead of with the Davenants?"

"My dear boy, she would have nothing to say to any of us.

"She insisted on going to Lady Davenant.

"At any rate, she is going to make a very good match at last, unless some new caprice seizes her, and she throws Sir Robert over.

"But that is not likely.

"Lady Ingram says she has evidently seen the folly of her ways.

"I wish"—the little thing looked up over her book at her brother's moody face—"I wish I could say the same thing for you Quentin."

He made an impatient gesture.

"Don't begin again," he said. "It is perfectly useless."

"Why should it be useless?"—with a little coaxing air.

"Why should not you and Marcelle make the fourth couple in the interesting little matrimonial dance I have been describing?"

"I shall never marry," declared Quentin, standing up to go.

"Bah!" cried Florry.

"Every man has said that in his day. It means less than nothing.

"I saw Marcelle the other day, and she asked after you, ungrateful boy!"

"It was very good of her, I am sure. Well, good-bye, child. I am off to the club to get my letters."

"You will come back and see Gaston and dine with us? We shall be quite alone."

"If you promise not to talk any more about Marcelle de Feroday."

"Why shouldn't I talk about her? Do

you know that she has had quite a success this winter?

"She is not pretty of course, but she is intelligent, and dresses well, and is delightfully rich!"

Quentin made a second offer to go; but his sister rose and clung to his arm, following him to the door.

"Quentin," she persisted, "she has refused a dozen offers this season.

"I wish you would listen to reason and console me a little for Brian's folly."

But at last the young man got himself away, and out into the sweet air of the April afternoon.

As Quentin turned into the Faubourg St. Honore, and walked on towards the Rue Royale, he said to himself that he felt very old.

It seemed to him that he had been years and years away.

What had become of all the painful complications he had left behind when he went away from Marybridge to look for forgetfulness, to rid himself by any and every means of the overmastering passion that had taken possession of him?

It seemed that, while he had been in exile, remembering, regretting, rebelling impotently against his pain, matters had arranged themselves quietly.

He had come back to find Richard Strong married, to find that Brian had forgotten the beautiful unhappy woman who had been the cause of so much division between him and his brother, for love of whom they had lived for a time not as brothers, but as enemies, but only to find that Ninon herself——

"Ah," the young man thought, with a bitter smile, "who shall answer for a woman's unscrutable caprices?

"A year ago it was Brian she loved, and not Sir Robert Davenant.

"But it is Sir Robert Davenant she is going to marry.

"She is going to make a good match, as Florry says.

"That is the end of it all, the end of the longing and the dreams and the suffering. She is going to be Lady Davenant, and to make a good match."

He turned into his club, with the bitter smile lingering on his lips, and demanded his letters.

And almost the first one he opened was signed "Ninon."

"Dear Quentin," it began—"Lady Davenant has heard from Katherine that you are expected home very soon. Will you come and see me?

"You know that you promised that you would come when I sent for you, and I want to see you so much. I want to hear you say that you have forgiven me. I want to be at peace with you, as I am with every one else, before I die."

* * * * * *

"Dear Lady Davenant," Ninon said that same day, when she had opened a telegram which had been brought to her, "Quentin is in Paris again; he is coming to see me at once. Isn't it good of him?"

"I am very glad your cousin is coming, dear child, if it will give you any pleasure," her kind old friend replied.

Her eyes were dim with much secret weeping; but she looked with steady cheerfulness at the girl as she came slowly across the long room, bringing her a cushion for her chair.

The cushion was too heavy for Ninon's feeble hands.

Sir Robert would have taken it from her but she prevented him, with a wilful little movement and her pretty smile.

"No," she said, I will carry it myself. I am quite able to carry it. Lady Davenant, Sir Robert is always wanting to make me out much worse than I am.

"What was the use of my going to Egypt if I am not allowed to resume my duties now about the royal person?"

She arranged the pillow comfortably, and then, breathing quickly, she sank down upon the stool where she liked to sit at Lady Davenant's feet.

Sir Robert turned abruptly and left the room. He could not bear to look at the smile on the girl's dying face.

"My child," Lady Davenant said tenderly, "I am afraid that gown is too heavy for you to-day.

"It is so warm—quite like June. Let Honora change it for you, dear."

"No," Ninon answered, laying her hand down on her old friend's lap and stroking the thick folds of the gown with her wasted hand.

"I like my old black velvet gown the best.

"Do you know, Lady Davenant, I had this very gown on one day when I drove to Dingley—such a pretty place near Marybridge—with Quentin?

"There is a little brown mark just there on the skirt, where he dropped a match, as we were driving home, and scorched it. I must have some roses to brighten it up with when he comes. Sir Robert will send me some up from the Court—red roses, I think.

"I am too pale now for white ones."

Lady Davenant laid her hand lovingly on the pretty heavy head.

"How soon do you think Quentin can be here?" the girl went on, after a pause. "He said he would come at once. He may be here to-morrow; don't you think so?"

"Yes, my dear; and in order that you may be bright and well when your cousin arrives, you must promise me to lie down and rest for a while this afternoon."

"Oh, but I am not tired, indeed!" Ninon declared with a little laugh.

"I am going to read to you a little—yes"—as Lady Davenant would have protested. "You never like me to read for you now, dear"—jealously.

"Don't I read loud enough?"

"Yes darling, quite loud enough. I am only afraid that it distresses you, my pretty Ninon," pleaded her friend, in her tremulous old voice.

"I would rather sit and talk to you a little while."

But Ninon persisted, with her pretty wilful smile.

Lady Davenant sat and endured as quietly as she could the pain of listening to the girl's labored breathing and perpetual hacking cough, as she began to read one of the volumes that had been sent from Mudie's that morning.

"You see," she said, when at last a more violent accession of coughing compelled her to lay the book aside, "I can read very well. I am getting better every day. I want to be very strong and well by the time Tiff comes to see me.

"My dearest little Tiff!

"When she knows that we are in England again, what a surprise it will be to her!

"Remember, dear Lady Davenant, you promised not to tell her until after she is married."

"Yes, my dear, yes."

"I want to be sure that when I see her again it will be as Brian's wife. And it is such a little time now to wait."

It was Lady Davenant who met Quentin on his arrival, dusky and haggard, at the Dower House.

Her lips began to quiver as she looked at the young man's face.

"She is waiting for you," she said. "You will not give way, Mr. Beaufoy. She is greatly changed."

"Great Heaven!" groaned the poor fellow.

"How is it that none of us have been told?"

"It was her own wish.

"We have been obliged to yield to her in everything.

"The doctor forbid us to thwart or excite her in the smallest degree."

"Her sister even does not know?"

"Tiff knows nothing.

"Her wedding-day is fixed, and Ninon will not have it put off.

"Will you come now? She is in the drawing-room.

"But I thought I should like to prepare you a little."

Quentin followed the kind woman in silence.

His knees were trembling under him, a surging noise was in his ears.

He hardly dared to lift his eyes as Lady Davenant opened a door and a burst of sunshine poured into the dim old hall.

And, after all, there was nothing to shock, hardly anything to alarm him.

A fire was burning, the sun was shining in at the windows upon flowers and books, and Ninon, in a black velvet gown, was sitting in an arm-chair, and stood up feebly, with outstretched arms as Quentin drew near.

"My kind old Quentin," she said, in her pretty weak voice, "I knew you would come!"

And she laid her head down upon his breast, and let him hold her in his arms for some moments.

"You forgive me for troubling you?" she said then, as he put her back gently into her chair and knelt down at her side—Lady Davenant had gone away and left them together.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"My dear," the young man answered, kissing the wasted hands one after the other, and looking at her with despair in his eyes.

"Oh, Ninon, don't you know that I would come from the other side of the world if you asked me?"

"Yes," she said, putting her hand on his head, "you were always very good to your poor wilful Ninon—too good.

"But this is the very last time I shall trouble you, dear."

He broke down utterly then the girl drew him to her, and laid her wan cheek down upon his forehead.

"Quentin," she said, after a pause, gently scolding him, "you are not to cry; you are not to listen to what I am going to say. I am going to be cruel and hurt you perhaps.

"I was always cruel to you, my poor boy; now I am going to make you suffer until the very last.

"But"—she felt the faint color rise in her face—"I cannot speak to any one else but you about Brian."

Quentin controlled himself and looked up, forcing a smile, though his face was wet with tears.

"You are to say just what you like to me, my own pretty Ninon," Quentin said gently.

"I know that—that you loved Brian, dear. It does not pain me to hear you speak of him since I know that.

"What is it you want to tell me about him?"

"It is a message I want you to give him—a long time from now," the girl said slowly, "when he is very happy with Tiff, when he has almost forgotten me.

"Tell him then, some day, that I did love him, that I told him a lie on that day we met in the picture-gallery. Sometimes I can't sleep now for thinking of his face when I said I could not love him, Quentin." She hid her eyes upon his shoulder, with a shudder.

"I am afraid I shall see it when I am dying.

"It looked so reproachful, so unhappy, so white.

"Oh, tell him—don't forget, dear—some day, that it was a lie that I told, but that I told it for Tiff's sake!

"And ask him to forgive me; then I shall rest quietly in my grave."

"I will tell him," Quentin answered tenderly.

"Sometimes I have thought I would write it down for him to read.

"But perhaps Tiff would see it—and she must never know.

"It would make her so unhappy about me."

"Tiff shall never know," Quentin assured her again.

"I will tell Brian some day; but Tiffany shall never know."

"Tell him that I was buried in the black velvet gown that I wore on the one night he held me in his arms.

"I did not know then that he loved me. If I had known, I would not have been so unkind to him always. And he was so good to me.

"Ah, I think, now that you have promised me to tell him, I shall die in peace!"

She lay quietly for some minutes with her head on Quentin's shoulder and his fond arms about her.

The young man's heart was swelling with a bitter pain.

He said to himself that he had all his life long to think of himself and his own sufferings, and only such a little while to be with Ninon, to hold her against his breast, to soothe her with brotherly caresses.

"Dear," he said, after a pause, "have you no wish to see Tiffany?"

She did not answer for some moments, but, as she lay with closed eyes, the tears ran down her hollow cheeks.

"My pretty Ninon, have I distressed you?" he asked, gently drying the tears away.

"No," she said faintly; and then, after another pause, she added, "Tiff knows. She knows that I love her.

"It is because I would not come between her and her happiness that I have kept away. But she knows—she knows."

"And Brian shall know too, Ninon," Quentin whispered.

"Have I not promised you that he shall?"

"Yes"—a weak little smile trembled on her pale lips—"you are so good! I—I shall sleep to-night.

"I shall not be haunted by that look on his face."

Almost as she spoke, she fell into a little doze on his shoulder.

And as he sat supporting her, hardly daring to breathe lest he should wake her, he formed a resolution of which he spoke later to Sir Robert.

Their common sorrow had quickly made friends of the two young men.

Sir Robert had insisted on Quentin's taking up his quarters at the Court until—he turned pale as he said the words—Ninon should no longer need him.

And now, as they went into the garden—the old garden that Ninon had paced so often in sunshine and in rain—after dinner to smoke their cigars, Quentin spoke to him of what was in his mind.

"I think," he said firmly, in spite of a great jealous pang that leaped up into his heart—"I think that Ninon ought to see my brother."

Sir Robert looked at him with misery in his honest eyes.

"My mother has promised her, you see," he answered, hesitating. "You know that his wedding-day is fixed?"

"Yes; but—why is she to be the only one to suffer?

"That she chooses to sacrifice herself to her sister is no reason why you and I, who love her, should stand by and see her die with the pain of those unspoken words in her heart."

Sir Robert put out his hand and grasped Quentin's in a grip like a vice.

"I will telegraph to Brian," the young man went on, "that Ninon is in England again, and wishes to see him.

"I will warn him also to say nothing to Tiffany; and the rest we can tell him when he arrives.

"But she has suffered enough.

"I think that we should take this matter into our own hands."

And so the message was sent to the hotel in London where Mr. Beaufoy was then staying, as Tiffany was to be married from the cottage at Barnes.

CHAPTER LI.

TO Quentin was left the task of breaking to Ninon the news of Brian's expected arrival.

She had been much worse during the night, owing doubtless to the unwonted excitement of her long talk with her cousin—but in the morning she declared as usual that she felt much better, and begged with such pretty smiles to be allowed to get up that Lady Davenant had not the heart to refuse.

When, after many pauses, she was dressed in her black velvet gown, Quentin carried her down-stairs into the sunny old drawing-room, and established her at the window on her sofa, where, as she sat up among her pillows, the girl insisted playfully on arranging the flowers that had come up from the Court.

"No one else has done it for the queen since I came to court," she declared loudly, "and no one shall.

"Quentin will help me, dear Lady Davenant.

"And it won't tire me one bit!

"Oh, many and many a time we have done it together, he and I, at the Priory! I am so glad there are only the dear old-fashioned garden-flowers to-day—I like them the best of all."

As she lay with the sweet-smelling heap of narcissus and jonquil and daffodils in her lap, Quentin looked at her in a kind of despairing wonder.

Was it all a mistake after all? Might she not still be spared to them?

Could it be true that that smiling girl with her hands full of flowers was dying—fading away swiftly and surely from their love?

"Quentin," Ninon said wistfully, as she gathered together with trembling fingers all the daffodils, "how sweet they smell!

"How thickly they must be growing now in the beds just below the terrace-walk!"

"Yes," he answered cheerfully—"Brian's favorite walk."

The girl's wan face began to glow. She let the flowers drop into her lap, and sat looking at him with a smile in her blue eyes.

"I remember," she said; "he always used to like to take his coffee and smoke his cigarette there after dinner.

"Don't you remember how late we used to stay out on the hot nights?

"Once the dawn was breaking and the blackbirds were chirping before we thought of going in.

"Some one had been telling a story, and we forgot how late it was."

"Indeed it was a very happy time," assented Quentin, "in spite of some mistakes and misunderstandings. And it was our pretty Ninon that made it so."

"Ah, no!" the girl said humbly.

"I was selfish and vain and cruel—I know that now—and to you most of all, my kind old Quentin.

"But you have forgiven me.

"You were the only one who never scolded me, no matter what I did."

"There was nothing to scold you about," the young man declared loyally.

"You could not help being the prettiest and sweetest woman I had ever known. I could not help loving you—faults and all—any more than Brian.

"But you see, dear"—smiling steadfastly—"you fell in love with Brian long before you saw me—in the picture, you know."

"Yes," she whispered; and her wan cheek began to glow again at the sound of Brian's name.

"I could not help it.

"I had no right to love him; but I did.

"And when he came, though I pretended to rebel against him, and to laugh at his authority, in reality"—she sat with her hands clasped among her flowers, looking out of the window and speaking almost to herself—"in reality I was glad and proud because he would not give way to me in everything as other men did.

"It was for that I loved him best of all.

"He was my master, though my foolish pride would not let me acknowledge it.

"When I was most unwomanly, when I treated him as no man was ever treated under his own roof by the girl he had benefited—oh, then most of all I could have knelt down at his very feet for love of him and for shame of myself!

"But"—her voice trembled—"I shall never tell him so now. Perhaps in heaven he will know."

And then, as the tears fell down her pale cheeks and dropped on to the flowers in her lap, Quentin found courage to tell her what he had done, and how Brian was even then on his way from London.

He was half frightened at the sudden ecstacy that leaped into the girl's face.

"He is coming—to-day?" she panted in a whisper.

"I shall see his face once again before I die, and hear him speak?

"Quentin—Quentin"—she clung to her cousin, breathless and trembling, while he gently stroked her hair and held her in his strong arms—"oh, Quentin, you are very good to me—you are very good to me to the last!"

She lay still for some moments when he told her that she must try to be calm. Then he saw a change pass over her rapt face.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"Tiff!" she said uneasily.

"Oh, Quentin, I have tried not to wish to see him again for her sake!

"But—he has promised, hasn't he?"

"Yes.

"And Brian could never break his word," answered Quentin steadily.

"*Point Faillir*," she murmured. "That is the motto of the Beaufoys. Oh, he will keep his word—I am not afraid!"

And then she drew back and looked up at Quentin.

"I am not so very ugly, am I, dear?" she asked eagerly, her sweet lips quivering, her blue eyes shining with something of their old splendor through their black lashes.

"He will not be shocked when he sees me?"

The young man stooped and pressed his lips to her hair.

He could not trust himself to speak.

"Ah," she said, "it is not so hard to die now!

"I have been very happy in the world sometimes.

"I have had a great deal of love given to me, little as I deserved it.

"And once I did not want to die—I wanted a little more happiness first. But—I am contented now.

"When Brian comes, I shall be ready—quite, quite ready."

He came that evening.

A look at the faces that met him—Sir Robert's and Lady Davenant's—told him why he had been sent for.

Quentin was sitting with her.

All day long she had been straining her ear for the first sound of wheels upon the gravel drive; and now she sat up among her pillows, a bright red spot burning in each hollow cheek, and her eyes fixed wide and eager, upon the door.

"Help me up!" she said, putting out her trembling hands.

"Oh, Quentin, help me up, for he is here!"

She was standing and waiting for Brian

when he came into the room, and, with a little cry, she fell into his outstretched arms and laid her face down upon his breast.

They stood thus in a silence that he found no words to break, until Quentin, who had walked away, came back.

"I think," he said quietly, "that Ninon had better get back to her sofa."

"Yes," Brian answered, lifting his gray face, and stooping to kiss her hidden lips.

"Come, my darling!" he whispered with infinite tenderness.

But there was no answer.

He held her from him a minute, and a dreadful sound broke from his lips.

"Quentin!" he said wildly.

The eyes of the brothers met.

Quentin caught the hand that hung down by Ninon's side.

"Ah," he said bitterly, but with a sob in his throat, "give her back to me now that she is dead!"

* * * * * * *

The daffodils in the beds under the terrace-walk had bloomed and faded many a time before the master of the Priory stood there again.

But, when he came back, Tiffany was with him, and she was holding a little child by the hand.

They walked through the pretty old rooms that opened on to the west walk, and it was only at the door of the picture-gallery that they paused.

"Brian," said his wife gently, "we are both thinking of her, and dreading to look at the picture in there.

"But I cannot bear to lie down to-night in our home thinking that, for fear of a little pain to ourselves, we have tried to put her out of our minds.

"Come, dear! Come with little Davenant and me."

She put the boy's hand into his father's, and held back the *portiere*, looking at him with an unsteady smile on her sweet face.

Brian took the child's hand, and held his other out to his wife.

"Come then, Tiff," he said; and they passed into the echoing old gallery together. The windows were open to the April evening; a thrush was singing outside in the budding trees; the slanting sun shone in and fell upon the face of Gillian Beaufoy, and on the dates on the great gold frame.

"You see," Tiffany said, in a whisper, "she is smiling at us, dear, just as she smiled at me on that last night of all, when she said to me, 'Tell Brian that I give you to him—with my love.'"

"And you are happy, my little Tiff?" Brian said gently, as he held the boy up to look at the picture.

"You do not regret?"

"Brian:" Tiffany said with tender reproach.

"I know, dear."

He smiled at her in a reassuring way, and drew her to his side.

"But I like to hear you tell me so, as we stand here together.

"I promised her once to be very good to you always."

"Dad," said Mrs. Beaufoy proudly, "what did I tell you papa's motto was?"

"I know," said the boy, who had stooped forward to kiss the lips of the pretty dead-and-gone Gillian.

"I shall never forget that, of course, dear mother!

"It is '*Point Faillir*.'"

"Papa never forgets it either," said his mother; and, as Brian set the boy down, she put her hand gently within his arm, and laid her face for a moment against it.

"Come!" she then said cheerfully. "Dick and Mary and Quentin will be waiting for us.

"Often and often we will come back. But now we must say good-bye for a little while."

And so they passed through the old *portiere*, and, with a long backward gaze, left the gallery to its slumbering echoes, and to the evening shadows that were beginning to gather about the face that was so like the face of Ninon.

[THE END.]

THE COMING OPERATIC QUEEN.—Late advices from France and Italy give the most glowing accounts of Gianini Savini, the Young American Cantatrice. Her debut in concert at Nice, under the distinguished auspices of Verdi's personal presence, having come all the way from Italy for that purpose, and before one of the most critical audiences that ever assembled in Europe, was one of the grandest successes of the Lyric Stage. The voice of the young Diva is pronounced by Verdi to be the greatest heard in Europe in his day. Her teacher, Muzzio, the same Maestro who formed Patti, has much higher hopes for his present pupil than have been realized by the present Queen of Opera. This seems to be an exaggeration of hope, but is fortified by the unanimous verdict of all who have heard Savini. Her voice is a pure soprano of wonderful range and power, and its dramatic qualities are said to be phenomenal. Gianini Savini, or Miss Jeanne Sawyer, which is the true name of the new Operatic Star, is the only child of the celebrated surgeon, Dr. A. L. Sawyer, of San Francisco, Cal. She is but twenty-two years of age, of remarkable beauty, and possessed of great mental attainments. She has written some very clever stories for both American and French papers. Already Abbey, Chizzola and Strakosch, have heard of the marvellous powers of Savini, as she will be hereafter known, and with three such enterprising managers after the young Diva, we have great hopes of soon hearing her in America.

HARD workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

THE weather has been for some days past almost summer-like in its warmth and softness.

There has never been so fine an April at Kingscourt in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The hedgerows are flushed with delicate pale green, the fragrance of cowslips comes from the upland meadows with every sighing wind, the woods are thick with primroses—pale-gold constellations starring every mossy bank, peeping out among the ferns and grasses.

To-day the woods are full of sunshine, the river lies below in a golden trance.

The steep descent through the firs is sheeted with blue-bells, and bright glimpses of the shining water appear momentarily between the rough brown stems.

The little boat is moored to the outstretching branch of a tree, which also serves for a landing-stage.

Hereward steps into her and takes the sculls, still like one in a dream.

The river here widens out between its high banks almost into a lake.

Above lies the picturesque old mill, with its many windows and high-pitched roof, and, beside it, the long semi-circular cascade with its rainbow mist, and for background, the rising woods behind.

Hereward pulls down the river a little way, rather lazily, and then allows the boat to drift.

The current carries him along quite fast enough now, and he merely directs the course of the boat now and then by a half-stroke of the sculls.

He does not see the necessity of hard work—he has had enough of that all the morning.

Perhaps he thinks this going with the stream is typical of his own mental state just now.

Holding the sculls crossed upon his knee, he stares dreamily back at the receding woods, and his grave dark face looks as Lancelot's face may have looked when he came out from that parting with Guinevere. Hereward is thinking of the day when he must leave this dreamland into which he has wandered—wandered like a child lost in fairyland.

He is thinking of that long slow look he gave into two blue eyes last night, and he is trying to interpret what he saw in those eyes.

He has dared—this poor sizar, who may not have a second coat in the world—to love as a knight-errant of old may have dared to love some beautiful princess; but he has dared more than this.

He has dared to let the princess know that he loves her.

Hereward wonders vaguely whether his princess does indeed know that he loves her like his life.

He half hopes that she does, and yet he knows that her bitter scorn is sure to follow, if it has not preceded, the knowledge. And he knows that further stay at Kingscourt is impossible now.

He has himself rendered it impossible.

But he does not care for this. It must have come sooner or later.

There is a limit to the patience of even an utterly hopeless lover—and Hereward is an utterly hopeless lover.

Hope never entered his brain in connection with this master-passion.

Some philosophers maintain that there can be no love without hope; but in truth the love that is without hope is the highest love of all.

But while he muses, his boat has drifted beyond its usual turning-point.

The wooded banks have stolen past slowly, like a panorama, affording glimpses of open glade and rock and ferny swell.

Once one of the red gables and twisted chimneys of Kingscourt had appeared among the trees.

But these have all passed into the background, and a flat marshy region is reached where water-fowl rise from the reedy islands at the splash of the oar.

If Hereward had looked he would have seen a huge square white house, stiff, and many-windowed, rising to the left among acres of young plantations, and newly laid-out gardens, and newly-sodded lawns. The low grounds must be very marshy, for many small reedy lakes appear in different directions, and no trees seem to flourish, but those of the willow and poplar species. This is Nettlewood.

Hereward has seen it before, and he does not want to see it again.

The great white ugly facade has a look of its owner, he thinks, with a little bitter smile.

If he is afraid of encountering that, his fears are groundless.

Hereward, idly amusing himself this sunny afternoon, little imagines that Mr. Cartwright has gone up to town that very morning on business strictly connected with himself.

Mr. Cartwright is a very stirring man, and does not let the grass grow under his feet.

He has wormed himself into a great many things, his great ambition just now is to be High Sheriff of the county—not his greatest ambition.

He has a wish nearer to his heart than even this.

Mr. Cartwright is a magistrate, and has busied himself very much in trying to discover the perpetrators of Robert North's murder.

He, as a land proprietor, takes a great interest of course in the suppression of poachers.

He has spring-traps and all that kind of thing laid down all over his estate.

But there is not much game there at present to tempt the hungriest lad that ever snared a rabbit or shot a rook.

But he likes to talk pompously of his preserves.

Hereward finds the pull against the current very warm work when he turns to come back.

There is not a breath of air on the river.

He takes off his hat and throws it into the bottom of the boat, but no breeze lifts his dark hair from his forehead.

Nevertheless he likes the exercise, it gives an outlet to some of his bitter feelings, as it were, and every powerful stroke relieves him of some pent-up wrath and scorn.

He reaches the shady expanse of water below the fall, and then he lets the little boat float across to her willow-moorings.

As the bow touches the branch to which the rope is fastened, he sees Anne Grace Trathaway standing on the river-path just above.

He has not seen her since the inquest, and now the change in the girl's face horrifies him.

She is as pale as death, there are dark shadows under her eyes, all her lovely color is gone.

But it is the expression of her face that strikes Hereward.

He has heard—it is the general report in the village—that the girl is breaking her heart for young North.

No one ever sees her now; she cries all day long, they say, and has not left herself even the remains of her good looks.

But there is more than sorrow in her face, as Hereward sees it now.

There is a look of dread, of secret fear, of watchful anxiety or terror, which seems unaccountable.

She stands for a moment watching the approach of the boat, then she turns suddenly and walks back to the mill before Hereward can leap ashore.

He looks after her, half puzzled, half relieved.

He does not wish to speak to her.

She may be able to tell him things which he ought to hear, but he does not want to hear them—he has a horror of hearing them. He finds Blount and the girls on the terrace.

"I left the ladies in the village, and came home across the bridge to have a chat with you, old fellow," Blount says, laughing; "but I saw you were more agreeably employed.

"Who was the Hero in the plaid who was waiting for her Leander to cross the flood? I assure you you made a pretty little picture!"

Hereward is annoyed but he will not defend himself.

There is a laughing gleam in Miss Middleton's black eyes.

He does not care to meet the blue ones just now.

And it is as well that he does not.

He could not indeed have met them in any case, for Lady Gladys does not look at him.

But the scorn and surprise in them are none the less for that.

And yet, what can it matter to Lady Gladys Pallisor if Hereward chooses to amuse himself with this rustic belle?

In two months she will be Lady Gladys Cartwright, and he will be—who knows where?

CHAPTER XIII.

HEREWARD and his friend sit up in the smoking-room till a very late hour that evening.

They have so much to talk about, and they have had as yet no opportunity of a *tete-a-tete*.

"I met Heriot in town a few days ago, as I told you," Blount remarks, standing on the rug.

"I never saw a fellow so pulled down in my life.

"He told me he had just returned from Paris that morning.

"What ails him?"

"Perhaps he had suffered from sea-sickness in crossing the Channel," Hereward answers, filling his pipe.

"He has aged ten years since I saw him last.

"He must be living very fast, if he isn't going into a decline.

"Why isn't he grinding for this exam.?"

"I cannot tell you.

"He ran up to town for a week about a month ago, and he has never come back since."

"Hooked it because of the reading, eh?"

"Scarcely.

"Did he mention any possible date for his return?"

"No; I thought I should have found him here last night.

"He did not mention Kingscourt at all, except in answer to my question.

"I dare say you are not sorry to lose your pupil?"

"I cannot remain on here doing nothing," Hereward answers gravely.

"It is awkward for me.

"I would have gone to town long ago, only——"

"Only you preferred staying. Hereward, wasn't I a true prophet?"

"As how?" Hereward asks.

"Ah, you know very well!

"But this was a bad business about the gamekeeper.

"What was his name?

"Oh, yes, of course, Robert North! Was nothing more found out about that?"

"Only what you have heard.

"I asked Heriot about it; but he could tell me nothing.

"He seems to be greatly annoyed about the affair, and could hardly bear to speak of it. I did not like to press it, in fact. I suppose all owners of estates feel sore on the subject of poachers.

"The poor fellow had a sweetheart too, I hear."

"Yes, the girl you saw down at the river to-day."

"Phew! So you are trying to console her, eh?"

"No. Blount, I advise you not to make me angry.

"What demon possessed you to say what you did to-day?"

"What did I say. Oh, about Hero and Leander.

"Why, I thought that was particularly neat.

"But wasn't it an assignation, upon your honor?"

"Certainly it was not. I did not speak to the girl at all."

"No, really! Well, I am open to conviction. But you must allow that it looked very suspicious.

"And so that's the girl.

"But had she really anything to do with the matter?"

"Not if there were poachers in the case," Hereward answers carelessly.

"No; that is just what I thought. But do you know that there is a report going about that it was not a poaching affray at all?

"I met Cartwright just as I was approaching the bridge on his way to the railway-station.

"He stopped his dog-cart to speak to me with unusual graciousness.

"And he says that it's his firm conviction that it was not done by poachers at all."

Hereward's face turns quite white. He gets up and stands by the chimney-piece, and, resting his elbow upon it, looks down into the fire without a word.

Blount is busily filling his pipe for the second time, and does not notice the change in his friend's face.

"Cartwright says that, as magistrate, he feels it his duty to get to the bottom of the affair.

"He does not hesitate to call it murder, with *malice prepense*."

"And who does he think committed the murder?" Hereward asks.

"He would not mention any name or names; but he insinuated that he could put his finger on the very man. I wonder who it can be.

"Of course Cartwright would not say so much unless he had very good grounds for his suspicions."

"And what motive does he assign to the—murderer?"—Hereward hesitates before he speaks the terrible words.

"Love, of course, or jealousy rather. He maintains that North either shot himself in a fit of jealousy, or that some one else shot him for the same reason. Had the girl any other lovers?"

Hereward does not immediately answer this question.

He looks into the fire with a very troubled expression.

"She was a very pretty girl, and greatly admired," he says at last.

"She may have had twenty lovers for aught I know.

"She has not been long at home.

"But how does Cartwright account for the bullet-mould found in North's house, or for the gun having being loaded with ball?"

"His supposition of self-destruction only can account for that.

"But then there is the fact of the body having been dragged for half a dozen yards from the spot where it fell.

"The man could not have dragged himself out of the path after the shot was fired, for death must have been instantaneous. I asked Heriot whether the fellow had ever threatened to destroy himself; but he looked stupid and nervous, and I could get nothing out of him.

"I never saw any one so cut up. What on earth is he doing with himself?"

"I do not know.

"The Countess wants him to return to Kingscourt; but he will not.

"I do not see any reason for his staying away."

"Reason! Why, what reason could there be? The fellow has no business in town, for he told me so."

"What reason indeed!" Hereward repeats absently.

"I think he ought to come back."

"He certainly ought. This Cartwright is a pushing fellow.

"Does he want to get into Lady Gladys's good graces by the exertions he is making in behalf of her father's gamekeeper?"

"I don't know; perhaps so," Hereward answers.

"But I think he had better let it alone. Perhaps she will not thank him for it."

"I don't suppose she cares indeed. What is it to her?"

"It may be more than he thinks. But his inquiries will fall to the ground."

"Nothing more will come to light; I am sure of that.

"Somebody ought to advise him to mind his own business."

"I agree with you.

"I hate the fellow like poison.

"But let us talk of something pleasant Hereward, you haven't answered my question.

"Wasn't I a true prophet?"

"About what?" Hereward asks.

"About your broken heart?"

"Ah!" says Hereward, between his teeth.

"It is quite whole again, is it not? You

are amazed at the donkey you made of yourself, are you not?"

"I am," Hereward answers laconically.

"Didn't I tell you so?" Blount exclaims aggravatingly.

"Yes; you certainly did.

"But come now, Dick, why didn't you tell me your own grievance?

"You were harder hit than I was, after all!"

Blount reddens to the roots of his fair hair.

"Who told you that?" he asks, with a comical look.

"You didn't, at all events. But it would have served you quite right if I had cut you out."

"It wouldn't have been hard to do that, I'm afraid."

Blount gives a great sigh as he knocks the ashes out of his pipe.

"Are you really gone, Blount?" Hereward looks up at his friend rather incredulously as he puts the laughing question to him.

"Don't ask me," Blount answers, shrugging his shoulders.

"I think I was a fool to come here, but destiny led me by the nose.

"Do I look ridiculously sentimental? Do tell me honestly, like a good fellow."

"Not just now," Hereward answers consolingly.

"I'm not the figure for it, you see. It suits you thin dark fellows to look romantic and desperate, and all that kind of thing, but it makes a fat fellow like me look absurd.

"And she is such a terrible quiz."

"Who?" Hereward asks innocently.

"Bother take you, Hereward! But tell me, don't you admire my cousin, Lady Gladys Palliser?

"I think she is the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life.

"A little proud and stuck-up, you know, but not without reason."

"Do you think her prettier than Miss Middleton?"

"More distinguished looking, and all that; but I don't say her face is so much what I admire.

"It is too cold.

"But she's the kind of a girl a fellow would break his heart about in earnest. Not that I ever did.

"She's as high above us poor beggars as some bright particular star."

Hereward acknowledges it with a pain at his heart.

"Did Miss Middleton ever speak of me to you?" Blount asks, with a bad attempt at off-handedness.

"Very seldom," Hereward tells him mischievously.

"I thought so. You never mentioned her in your letters."

"Why didn't you ask me anything you wanted to know?"

"Too shy, my dear fellow.—too shy. It is my great failing. But I mean to try my fate again.

"I don't think she'll take me, but I mean to ask her.

"And now let us turn in. It is about two o'clock!"

Hereward spends the rest of the night in walking up and down his room.

It is a favorite habit when anything troubles or annoys him.

He is perplexed, and yet he will not tell his perplexity to any one.

No one can help him, and a secret is no secret when it is known to more than one. The secret that is making him so sleepless is known to more than one, certainly; but then the parties are pretty certain to keep it a secret, for their own sakes. Its bearing with regard to himself has never occurred to him.

His trouble is wholly on another's account, and not so much for the sake of that other as for the sake of some one to whom that other is dear.

* * * * * *

Blount remains at Kingscourt for two or three days.

He makes desperate love to Miss Middleton; and Hereward cannot help confessing that he does look absurd in the *role* of a sentimental lover.

But Miss Middleton does not appear to think so, and that, after all, is the point most to be considered.

One day they ride through the chase, round to the village.

Hereward finds himself obliged to ride in front with Lady Gladys, as the other two will fall behind.

It is another golden afternoon, and no sound disturbs the green silence except the muffled thud of their horses' hoofs on the soft turf.

The rides at Kingscourt are famous all over the country, and not without reason.

The grand old timber, the velvet sward, the long vistas through dusk forest glades are the kind of thing that cannot be got up by men like Standish Cartwright, even with thirty thousand a year.

Vampire has come to know his rider; and, though his bit is covered with foam and his eye rolls with its old bad temper, he does not play many pranks.

Hereward looks well on horseback; but it is doubtful whether the lady on the graceful gray beside him notices the fact.

At all events she is not seen to turn her head in his direction. Lady Gladys also looks well in the saddle, and the cool breath of the forest glades has rouged her beautiful cheeks. Hereward's grave eyes watch her unobserved.

She condescends to utter a remark occasionally, but Kuhleborn gives her excuse for preoccupation. He is more than usually restless to-day, and seems as if he would prefer taking most of his steps in the air.

Hereward does not like the look of the horse, and keeps Vampire's head an inch or two in advance.

"I never saw Kuhleborn so restless before," Lady Gladys remarks at last. "I think your horse's being in advance annoys him, Mr. Hereward. He cannot bear not to be first."

"He must bear it," Hereward answers quietly.

"He is wild for the want of exercise in the open air."

"Then I think I shall let him have a mad gallop," Lady Gladys says, with a sudden flash.

"I should rather like it myself." She touches the horse with her whip as she speaks, but Hereward's hand is on the rein in a moment.

"You would be mad to attempt such a thing, Lady Gladys," he exclaims. "The horse only wants a good excuse to run away with you.

"Do not attempt to use your whip on him again."

"Do not hold my rein."

"Promise not to touch him with the whip."

"I shall not promise.

"If I choose to run the risk, what is that to you?"

"It is everything to me. I do not choose that you shall run it."

They have both turned pale.

Lady Gladys looks straight into his determined eyes.

"Yes!" she echoes, with a scornful smile. "We shall see."

She gives the horse a severe cut over the shoulder, and, whether intentionally or not, Hereward receives half the stinging lash on his bare hand.

He sets his teeth; but, though the horse plunges violently, he does not loose his hold on the rein.

"What do you mean, sir?" Lady Gladys cries, with blazing eyes.

"Let my horse go this moment! How dare you hold him back?"

"Why do you behave so like a child? Will you promise me not to use the whip again?"

She looks at him, and then her eyes drop to the obstinate hand on the bridle. There is a crimson line across it.

She sees the burning mark, and the fire dies out of her eyes.

"Let me go," she says quietly; and Hereward, knowing that he has conquered, gives Kuhleborn his head again.

They have not ridden more than two or three hundred yards when two men suddenly appear among the trees.

The gray is startled, and rears wildly, but Hereward's hand is on the rein again in a moment.

Lady Gladys is fain to be thankful this time, but she does not acknowledge it.

The men look hard at them as they pass along.

They are shabbily dressed, and Hereward does not remember having seen them before.

They stare hard at him, and whisper together after he has passed.

Lady Gladys wonders who they can be, and what they are loitering for in the Kingscourt woods.

The equestrians pass through the village, and it strikes Hereward that a great many people come into their doorways to look after them down the street.

The ladies and gentleman from Kingscourt always create a sensation in the village, but there seems to be more than the usual amount of curiosity evinced to-day as they pass along.

And, though not by any means given to conceit, Hereward cannot help thinking that he himself is the centre of attraction.

Perhaps Mr. Standish Cartwright, whom they meet later coming back from the railway-station, could have given an explanation.

But he passes Hereward with a suspicious and half-averted glance, and whispers to a shabbily-dressed man who is in his company, and who favors Hereward with a very impertinent stare.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY GLADY PALLISER'S morning-room is a pretty turret chamber on the ground-floor with three windows opening on to the terrace.

Here she spends a great many hours with her friend.

This morning her friend's lover is admitted; and, as Blount and Miss Middleton flirt over bead-work at the little table in the sunniest window, Lady Gladys stands before her easel, palette and brushes in hand, and stares absently at the water-colored drawing mounted thereon.

"There is a man in the library, my lady who wants to speak to you for a minute," Purcell says, appearing in the doorway.

"What is his business?" Lady Gladys asks carelessly.

"He wouldn't say, my lady. He wanted to see the Countess first, but I told him that was out of the question.

"Then he asked if any of the rest of the family were at home.

"He insisted upon seeing one or other of the ladies."

"What does he look like?"

"I couldn't say, my lady. It's a stranger, that's all."

Lady Gladys rather unwillingly allowed Purcell to escort her to the library and close the door behind.

A short, thick-set man, with a large red face and iron-gray whiskers, stands in the middle of the room.

"Beg pardon for troubling you, miss—my lady, I mean.

"But I wanted to bask you a question or two about this affair of Robert North."

"I know nothing beyond what every one in the neighborhood knows," Lady Gladys answers.

"Oh, yes, you do, my lady!

"You knows a lot more than come out on the hinquest."

"What do you mean?" Lady Gladys asks haughtily.

"I mean that there was that 'ushed up that hought to 'ave come out in the hevidence."

"I think you need no information from me," Lady Gladys observes, moving to the door.

"Stop, my lady," the man says, taking a red pocket-book out of his hat and turning over a few of the greasy leaves, as if in search of some particular memorandum.

"You wish to see justice done on them that murdered Robert North, your father's gamekeeper?"

"Certainly I do.

"But I know nothing.

"I never saw the man in my life, I think, but once."

"That may be.

"I don't doubt your word, my lady. And I know you will 'elp us to put our 'and on the chap that did it, if you can.

"I think you can.

"If you didn't know North, others did.

"'Tis well-known that he had henemies in this very 'ouse.

"'Twas no poacher shot your gamekeeper, my lady.

"He was murdered in cold blood."

"But who could have had a motive for such a thing?

"I do not suppose the poor lad was of so much consequence as to make his death of any moment to any one in the world."

"We'll see that presently, my lady. Begging your parding again, wasn't the young man sweet upon a girl in the neighborhood?"

"I believe he was going to be married to Anne Grace Trathaway, the miller's pretty daughter."

"Just so.

"And she was a remarkably handsome gal.

"Wasn't she?"

"She was generally considered so.

"But I do not know what this can have to do with the question."

"Did the gentlemen here admire her?"

"I think your questions most irrelevant," Lady Gladys answers coldly, again moving to the door.

"I assure you they are not, my lady.

"They are of the utmost importance. Did Lord Heriot admire her?"

"I believe he did, rather.

"He danced with her at the servants' ball here on Christmas Eve.

"But I am at a loss to discover what all this can have to do with the shooting of young North."

"You will see presently.

"Did any one else at Kingscourt admire the pretty girl?"

"I did not hear it if they did.

"Yes—I believe Doctor Jones thought her pretty."

"The little bald gentleman?

"Ah!

"But there was a dark young gent here at the time.

"Did he admire her?"

"He never told me."

Lady Gladys flushes proudly.

"Will you tell me by what authority you make these inquiries?"

"By the authority of a magistrate, my lady.

"Be so good as to take a chair.

"Did this young gent pay visits to the mill?

"Have you any reason for supposing that he ever went to the mill?"

Lady Gladys flushes with a deeper crimson and looks the man steadily in the face.

"We are all in the habit of going down to the mill occasionally.

"My brother is making improvements there.

"Mr. Hereward has been asked by him to look after the workmen in his absence."

"Just so; exactly.

"But he was never seen in company with the girl?

"I do not feel called upon to answer your questions.

"To what do they lead?"

"I want to prove to you that Robert North had an enemy!" and the man makes a note in his greasy pocket-book.

"You can't deny that this Mr. Hereward was in the habit of going to the mill, and was in fact seen with the girl more than once.

"Now, my lady, can you tell me where this young gent was on the evening of the murder?"

Lady Gladys tries to recollect: but she cannot at once call to mind any circumstance that would fix the date; and so she tells him.

"You don't remember where Mr. Hereward was on that evening?" the man repeats, looking at her keenly.

"No, I do not.

"We were not at home, I remember, for Miss Middleton said to me, after we had heard the evidence at the inquest, how fortunate it was that we had ridden that day instead of walking, as we had intended in the morning, for, if we had walked, we should have gone into the village, and on our return by the wood-path at five o'clock we should have found poor North's body. The shot was supposed to have been fired at about four o'clock.

"Exactly.

"And you don't remember where this gent was that afternoon?"

"No, I do not.

"I remember his saying he could not come with us, because he had promised my brother to look at the new bridge.

"It was feared that it would have to come down."

"Yes, that's just it.

"And the new bridge is about a stone's throw from the mill.

"Did he go?"

"I do not remember."

Lady Gladys feels stupefied, amazed, like one speaking and listening in a dream.

She cannot as yet see the drift of the man's questions; she cannot comprehend to what he would lead her.

Her brain refuses to think; she never dreams to what her own answers are tending, or what meaning they may convey.

They have conveyed none to her as yet. She stands with her hand resting heavily on the back of a chair, and her face has grown very white.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Scientific and Useful.

RUBBER SCRAPS.—Scraps of mackintosh and other india-rubber-coated fabrics have hitherto been useless, because the india-rubber could not be profitably extracted from them. An inventor, however, finds that strong hot sulphuric or muriatic acid has no effect on the rubber, but a strong corrosive action on the textile fabrics, and he has taken out patents for a process of recovery.

GUMMING.—Dissolve a pound of good gum arabic in three pints of cold water, then add a tablespoonful of glycerine and two ounces of honey. Strain the mixture through flannel. The glycerine prevents the gummed label from cracking and curling up when dry. A sponge is the right thing to use—not a brush. If the mixture is to stand any time, a few drops of oil of cloves will prevent its turning mouldy or losing strength.

SOLDERING.—With good soft solder nearly all kinds of soldering can be done over a lamp without the use of a "bit." If several places have to be soldered on the same piece, it is well to use solder of unlike fusibility. If the first piece is soldered with fine solder, composed of two parts of lead, one of tin, and two of bismuth, there is no danger of its melting when another place near it is soldered with bismuth solder, made of four parts of lead, four of tin, and one of bismuth, for their melting points differ so much that the former will not melt when the latter does. Many solders do not form any malleable compounds.

PAINT FOR IRONWORK.—A good cheap black paint or varnish for ironwork is prepared as follows: Clear (solid) wood-tar ten pounds, lamp-black, or mineral black, one pound and a quarter, oil of turpentine five quarts and a half. The tar is first heated in a large iron pot to boiling, or nearly so, and the heat is continued for about four hours. The pot is then removed from the fire out of doors, and while still warm—not hot—the turpentine, mixed with the black, is stirred in. If the varnish is too thick to dry quickly, add more turpentine. Benzine can be used instead of turpentine, but the results are not so good. Asphaltum is preferable to the cheap tar.

Farm and Garden.

PASTURE-LAND.—One of the best materials for pasture-land is ground bone; if once in five years five hundred pounds of bone be applied to the acre, it will not only greatly improve the grass, both in quantity and quality, but also improve the condition of the cows.

POTATOES.—It is shown by experiments that the appearance of the tops of potatoes do not indicate the quantity of tubers. The earliest formations can be obtained from shoots planted as seed. Cutting to one eye to the piece will produce lateness of formation and smaller and fewer tubers. Cutting in halves shortens the vegetating eye, and produces tubers of uniform size.

COOPS.—It is important that the coops for young broods be kept sweet and clean. It is a good plan to set them on the solid, smooth ground, and sprinkle a little dry earth or sifted ashes under the coop every day. This should all be removed and the ground swept clean at least twice a week. At this time of year the coops may be set on dry, fresh ground and removed a short distance every day. Thus they may be kept clean and wholesome.

ASHES.—I find, says a correspondent, coal ashes to be a very valuable article to be used for many purposes. I have used them for three or four years on currant bushes for the destruction of the currant worm, and find no necessity for the use of hellebore, or any other poison. They are as effective on cucumber vines to keep off the striped bug. Last year I used them on cabbages, filling the head full, and had no further trouble with the worms. The cabbages headed well, receiving no injury from the ashes. The ashes are better to be sifted through a fine sieve.

RASPBERRIES.—Raspberries are easily raised, and it costs but little to set a dozen or two bushes of the best kinds. These will surprise you by the amount of food they yield. It will be large in size and fine in quality if you give the plants good rich soil to grow in, and keep them free from weeds or grass. The children can pick the berries after school, but they would not be likely to fill many cans for winter use if you depended on the supply they would gather in the pastures. The convenience of having them near the house is a great argument in their favor, if the crop they yield were no larger than what could be secured from wild ones.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12, 1883.

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IN BAD TASTE.

Good taste may not be ranked with the cardinal virtues, but a thing may be in such very bad taste as almost to make it a vice. There are people who would be shocked at the idea of using profane language, while they habitually garnish their speech with words and phrases which are about as repulsive to a delicate ear as a full, well-rounded oath. It is possible that their favorite expletives are only a modification of some terrible form of blasphemy, a fact of which they may be ignorant.

In certain circles the most prominent feature of conversation is expressed by the word badinage. There is a sting in every sentence, an acrid flavor, a tone of sharp personal ridicule, sarcastic side-hints intended to hit the raw spots in the skin of the person addressed, covert attempts to draw him out and make him expose his weaknesses and foolish conceits, a tendency to turn everything into ridicule, and a careful avoidance of everything that is earnest and true.

We speak of many things as in bad taste which might properly be characterized by a much harsher epithet—as, for instance, the miserably low and degrading speeches that are occasionally made in Congress; the absurd obituaries, and still more absurd poetical effusions, in which surviving friends seek to embalm the memory of the departed.

The publishing to the world of private diaries, either by the writer himself or by his friends, displaying to the public gaze the most sacred secrets of the soul, or of domestic incidents which should never have been allowed to transpire beyond the domestic circle, or of private letters in which the writer has exposed his strongest personal antipathies and aversions, and indulged in the freest and most confidential criticisms of his associates—of which of late we have had some notable examples—is certainly in very bad taste.

Excellent and well-meaning people are sometimes so deficient in taste as to make themselves disagreeable even to their best friends. They never seem to know when they violate the fitness of things, and are oblivious of the common proprieties of life. If they say the right thing, they say it to the wrong person and at the wrong time; their counsels are obtrusive, and their sympathy only aggravates our woes. In the excess of their love they tell us many things which we prefer not to know. There is something aggravating in the very tones of their voice, in their gestures and manners, and mode of walking, and the way in which they sit, and the way in which they draw their breath when they are talking, and the way in which they eat and drink. We reproach ourselves for not liking them any better, because there is nothing absolutely bad in their character, or intentionally offensive in their demeanor, and yet we could not like them if we tried.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Knickerbocker Club, of New York, is considering a dinner at which no one will be present but those whose ancestors came over before 1776. This sounds large; but it is true of two men out of three, in all parts of this country, and nine out of ten in some regions.

—

SOME cannon were recently made in France much less than ordinary weight, but the breech, after being cast, was carefully wound round with silk threads, which were afterwards covered with a protection of rubber. It is thought that the tenacity of the silk will be even greater than that of the steel, and with more elasticity.

—

A DAY or two ago a family of nine negroes living on a plantation a few miles above Lawrence, Ga., killed and ate a goose that had been bitten by a dog supposed to be mad. Soon after the eating the entire family were taken sick; four have since died, and the others are having convulsions, and are not expected to live.

—

AN eminent French physician thinks that trees in streets do more harm than good, because they impede the circulation of the air; while another says that the evaporation from their leaves keeps the surrounding air moist and cool, and that they are a protection against dust; they absorb the carbonic acid, and send out oxygen, while their roots draw up stagnant water, and absorb the organic matter in the filth from which the streets of a town are never free, acting as a disinfectant.

—

THE private cars which American railway magnates build for themselves are homely and uncomfortable compared with the new railway carriage which has been constructed for the Prince of Wales. It is fifty feet long, and contains saloon, study, two bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, and a bath-room. The Prince's bedroom is hung with old gold silk, and the furniture is upholstered to match. Mirrors are let into the door-panels, and the whole suit can be lighted either by candles or by electricity.

—

A SUCCESSFUL thief on railroads manages to sit near a traveler whose trunk he knows to be valuable. Then he tries to turn over the back of the seat, pretends to find some difficulty with the lock, and asks the victim for the loan of his check to slip down upon the catch and so throw it out of place. While thus using the article he exchanges it for another, which he hands back without the trick being detected. At the end of the journey he loses no time in presenting the stolen check and getting away with the baggage to which it is attached.

—

GLOVES have the honor of sharing in the censure of modern medical dictators, who declare that they injure the skin, and by being worn very tight check the circulation of the blood. There is little fashion can do—it tries to prevent the imitation of the vulgar by declaring sometimes for sac gloves which reach the shoulder, or with the same length in an innumerable number of buttons; now that they shall be worn on the dress, and now on the bare arm; and now that they shall be painted, then beaded; now that they shall have ruffles or insertion.

—

THERE are, in the belief of the London *Spectator*, at least three first-class doctors in London whose incomes flow almost entirely from men with brains which are overworn, but not shattered, who seldom know what is the matter with them, but who one and all confess that their nerves are "overstrung," or "gone to pieces," or "so excited" that they can neither sleep, work, nor remain quiet. They do not say, with Mrs. Gamp, "which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night!" —but that is their permanent condition.

—

IT is related of Queen Margarita of Italy that when, in the course of her Shakspearian studies, she came to the most familiar, "A man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems" and all the rest, she threw down the book. She would have no more Shakspeare. "Is there not the King Victor Emanuel, my uncle, who cannot distinguish between one tune and another, and no member of our family, the house of Savoy, has from time immemorial shown the slightest taste for music—are we not honest people?" The Queen herself, it should be said, though she does not wish to be reckoned except with her race, has highly cultivated musical tastes, and a discriminating ear also.

—

THE Emperor William invariably wears his military uniform when at home. His study overlooks the Unter den Linden, the principal street of Berlin. While at his writing-table he loosens the upper buttons of his double-breasted coat and throws back the lapels, but every day when the troops march past, he hastily buttons his coat and stands in the window, in full view of the soldiers. A visitor, noting the trouble he took, asked why he was so particular to button even the top button of his coat. "My soldiers," said the Emperor, "have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend they ever shall. For, let me tell you, it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army."

—

THE idea of systematic instruction of women in the industrial arts has been successfully developed in France, according to a writer in the London *Times*. Not only in Paris, but throughout the country, schools that teach particular trades to women have been formed. In one nearly two thousand young women have received thorough training in millinery, needle-work, wood-engraving, painting on porcelain or designing. Workshops affiliated to the school by a pecuniary arrangement furnish actual practice. So successful have been these schools, and so superior the graduates in their work, that particular trades have established similar institutions for the express purpose of fitting their own workwomen in occupations not taught in large ones, as in the brass and copper trade, and in the manufacture of clocks and watches.

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THE efforts to make cremation popular in America meet with little encouragement, and it is quite allowable to believe that they never will meet with anything like general approbation. The reasons do not lie very deep in the nature of things, but they are universally distributed. The sentiment attached to earth burial is a natural one, and it has been fostered and expanded by nearly all religions. But it remains to be shown that the sentiment which ordinarily leads sensitive young women and an occasional crotchetty man to declare that burning is preferable to burial is a morbid one. In almost every case it springs from fanciful mortuary horrors that wholesome strong sense never harbors. But aside entirely from this idea there is still the most powerful argument to be advanced against cremation from the side of science itself, and it is contained in the reflection that ordinary and inevitable decay is a provision of nature herself, and in the mysterious evolution after death may be a necessary provision which man should not violently disturb or prevent.

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DR. SIEMENS, as is well known, is a great authority on electricity, and we owe to his ingenuity the invention of many important instruments. Hence his words regarding the present position of electrical science, and more particularly the application of this form of energy to lighting and motive-power, will be scanned with greater interest than other portions of his Address. But he had also much to say regarding the future of gas as an illuminant and as a heat-giver, which will not only be of great interest to many, but must carry dismay to the hearts of not a few. He believes electricity will be the light of the future, but maintains that gas will be largely used as the poor man's friend. But the great future in store for gas will be in connection with it as a heat-giver. Dr. Siemens points out that a gas giving vast heating power can be produced at a very cheap rate indeed. He proposes that this gas should be made in the coal-pit or at the pit-bank, and should be distributed throughout the country in place of coal. By this means the heavy railway freight would be saved, the gas companies as they now exist would be dispensed with; each pound of gas would give us just double the heat of a pound of coal; and more important than all, we should have no smoke. It may be long before these bold speculations are realized; but that they are feasible, no reasonable being who studies Dr. Siemens's facts and figures can deny.

—

NINE people out of ten leave a door open behind them. They do not seem to know how to shut a door. It appears to be a natural and, probably, an inherited inability, just as with some people there is no such thing as knowing one tune from another, as with others it is impossible to acquire facility and handiness in the use of tools. Modern ingenuity has tasked itself to make up to a suffering world for the incapacity and negligence of people who never close a door, by the application of weights or springs that will automatically do what every man, woman and child ought to do instinctively. But even these appliances are not always to be relied upon; clearly, the door should be closed by the person who opens it. There ought to be a thorough course of instruction in our schools in the art of shutting doors. The first lesson would inculcate the elemental and simple duty itself. Boys and girls should be kept passing a doorway, each one opening and closing the door for himself or herself, until not a mother's son or daughter of them could leave a door ajar. Then the finer features of the accomplishment might be introduced. There are others who hold it open and close it so slowly that numberless colds and sore throats have time to march through. But without becoming too fastidious, it is important that everyone should be taught to close the door and fasten it in some way.

HALF-WAY IN LOVE.

You have come, then; how very clever!
I thought you would scarcely try;
I was doubtful myself—however,
You have come, and so have I.

How cool it is here, and pretty:
You are vexed: I'm afraid I'm late;
You've been waiting—O, what a pity!
And it's almost half-past eight.

So it is; I can hear it striking
Out there in the gray church tower.
Why, I wonder at your liking
To wait for me half an hour!

I am sorry; what have you been doing
All the while down here by the pool?
Do you hear the wild dove cooing?
How nice it is here and cool!

How that elder piles and masses
Her great blooms snowy sweet;
Do you see through the serried grasses
The forget-me-nots at your feet?

And the fringe of flags that encloses
The water, and how the place
Is alive with pink dog-roses,
Soft-colored like your face!

You like them? shall I pick one
For a badge and coin of June?
They are lovely, but they prick one,
And they always fade so soon.

Here's your rose. I think love like this is
That buds between two sighs,
And flowers between two kisses,
And when it's gathered dies.

It was surely a grievous thing, love,
That love should fade in one's sight;
It were better surely to fling love
Off while its bloom is bright.

The frail life will not linger,
Best throw the rose away,
Though the thorns having scratched one's finger
Will hurt for half a day.

What! you'd rather keep it, and see it
Fade, and its petals fall?
If you will, why Amen, so be it;
You may be right after all.

The Boarders.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

FANNIE FRENCH looked through the window with a highly-injured and altogether cross expression on her pretty, fair face.

The raindrops beat a tattoo on the window in a way that was really tantalizing, and the wind shrieked triumphantly as it hurried past.

It was too bad!

She had planned a delightful drive that afternoon with Jasper, and now this rain had spoiled it all.

Jasper, however, seemed to bear the disappointment—if disappointment it was—with angelic patience and fortitude; for he devoted himself all the afternoon to "The Woman in White," much to the annoyance of Fannie, who was of a lively disposition, and preferred chatter and gossip to all the novels that were ever written.

But even "The Woman in White," became rather tedious at last and Jasper stretched his handsome, graceful limbs, and yawned, as he said, "Why that sad look on your face, my dear?"

"Because I feel sad!" answered Fannie. "This house is just like a tomb, and I sometimes feel myself shivering all over. I don't see any use in our being rich, when we can't enjoy our wealth.

"Now you can go to the seaside and enjoy yourself whenever you like; but I must stay cooped up in this rambling, ghostly old place all summer.

"Mamma's nerves will be the death of me, I'm afraid.

"If there was any society around here I could endure it; but I'm getting so that if I see a man soon I shan't dare to look at him."

This last was too much, and Jasper threw back his head, and laughed.

The idea of sharp-tongued, *petite* Fannie being afraid of any man was too absurd, for she was the most provoking, charming flirt alive.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," retorted Fannie, with an injured air, "for it's the solemn truth.

"Why, last week, at Mrs. MacDonald's 'at home,' I actually felt ashamed of myself for carrying on a handkerchief flirtation with that bewitching Colonel Rivers."

"That's because I was looking at you," said Jasper.

"You know, sister mine, that I detest flirting—especially with such men as Colonel Rivers."

"Now, you needn't begin to abuse everybody behind their backs, Jasper!

"I don't admire Colonel Rivers any more than you do; but there is so little society in this sleepy village, and I must flirt!

"If I can't find desirable men, why then I must take undesirable ones, that's all!"

"But Fannie——"

"Now, old mentor, don't begin to lecture and scold again."

And Fannie playfully put her hand over her brother's mouth.

Of course Jasper didn't lecture or scold then, for when the lovable Fannie assumed that penitent look, and spoke in such a wheedlesome manner, no one could ever resist her.

Jasper laughed good-naturedly, and playfully pinched the dimpling, rosy cheek as he said, "You are an awfully sly chicken, Fan."

Silence reigned for several minutes after that.

Jasper, sprawled gracefully on the sofa, had fallen into a day-dream, to judge from the rapt expression on his handsome, dark features, and Fannie was watching a pair of very wet and bedraggled sparrows, as they perched in a forlorn manner on the fence.

At last Fannie said, suddenly, "I've got an idea, Jasper."

Jasper languidly opened his black eyes, but did not seem to be very much interested, as he made no other sign to show that he had heard and was listening.

"How aggravating and lazy you are!" cried his sister, pettishly.

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint!"

Jasper looked penitent and resigned as he said, "If you'll tell me what to do, Fannie, I'll do it with pleasure."

But Fannie roguishly pulled one of his dark curls, and said, "No, Jasper, you may lie there looking like a lazy Newfoundland, if you like, and I will unfold my grand scheme. You must promise not to go to sleep, now!"

"I promise."

"Well then I am going to advertise for boarders."

"*Boarders!*"

If a bombshell had exploded under the sofa, Jasper could not have leaped to his feet more wildly,

"Yes, boarders," said Fannie, calmly, while Jasper retreated with a look of horror on his face.

"Take care, or you'll knock down that Psyche behind you!"

Jasper settled himself on the sofa again, and said, looking much perplexed, "But why the deuce do you want boarders, Fannie?"

"Don't be vulgar," she said, looking very severe.

"Well, when you go, mamma and I will be alone in this great house, and I do feel so lonely sometimes, Jasper!" pathetically. "If I have a lady boarder or two, it will be much more cheerful for me.

"Besides, the servants are getting to be fearfully lazy; why mamma keeps them all, I can't imagine.

"But they'll come quite handy when my boarders arrive.

"Now, Jasper, be a good boy, and confess that my idea is a good one."

Jasper looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then said, "It isn't a bad plan, sister mine, if——"

"If what?"

"If you can find any boarders."

Fanny clasped her hands with a tragic gesture.

"Just hear that absurd boy!

"Why, Jasper, boarders are to be had by the hundreds.

"But will mother approve," asked Jasper, rather doubtingly.

"Of course she will!" said his sister, with the air of a person who had confidence in her power, and meant to use it.

"I suppose you'll threaten to elope with Professor Wilde if she won't approve," Jasper said, wickedly.

But Fannie deigned him no reply, and returned to his book.

A few days later, a very modest little advertisement appeared in one of the daily papers:—"One or two lady boarders wanted for the summer. Locality pleasant and healthy; terms moderate. Address, Miss F. F., *et cetera*."

Fannie firmly expected at least fifty answers to this advertisement, and was woefully disappointed when Jasper came in one day with one solitary letter in his hand.

Fannie tore it open and eagerly scanned its contents.

Elaine Hetherton wished to obtain board for the summer.

She had a brother of twelve, so the letter said, who was a cripple.

Her physician had told her she must take him into the country for the summer.

Miss Hetherton herself wrote regularly for the press, and would be busy with her writing part of the time, and would make as little trouble for Miss F. F., as she possibly could.

"I am going to tell her to come," said Fannie decidedly.

She had fallen in love, after her impulsive fashion, with Miss Hetherton, through her letter.

"Whew!" whistled Jasper. "A 'blue stocking,' is she?

"No doubt she's superannuated and crotchety, affects corkscrew curls and green glasses, dresses like a girl in her teens, and drawls to perfection.

"Her style I suppose, is sentimental and heartrendering poetry, or worse yet, tragic and altogether impossible love stories, whose characters are either blood-dyed villians or sad-faced saints.

"Or perhaps she writes against the wrongs of her sex.

"If there's anything I hate, it's a strong-minded old maid!"

And Jasper plainly showed the scorn he felt.

"Do be a little more sensible, Jasper! I'm sure she must be good and sweet, and I'm going to have her for my boarder. I'll write and tell her to come on Monday. You'll have to go to the station, and take her and her lame brother to the Hall in a carriage."

"Not I; I'll be hanged first!" cried Jasper, with more force than elegance. "Let her walk, or hire a fly."

"No, she shan't; and you must go, Mr. French! So there!"

"But what if I should decide to go to the seaside before Monday?" asked Jasper, who knew that Fannie's will was law, but liked to tease her when he got the chance.

"No, you won't!" retorted Fannie.

She was secretly very proud of her tall, handsome young brother, and wished to present him to Miss Hetherton, who, she doubted not, was a refined young lady—poor, perhaps.

So the handsome, prancing grays drew the family carriage to the station that Monday morning.

The train steamed in a very important manner into the village, but left only four passengers.

As Fannie had said, it was a rather sleepy place, and travellers were the exception rather than the rule.

Jasper looked in vain for a "superannuated old maid with green glasses and cork-screw curls."

He saw, instead, a very pretty and timid young girl, with large blue eyes—not a bit like green glasses—and sunny ringlets floating over her graceful shoulders.

She looked somewhat frightened, though why it would be hard to tell, for there was certainly not much noise and confusion in that sleepy station.

By her side, holding her hand tightly, was a pale-faced, slender boy, who limped painfully at every step he took.

Jasper recovered from his surprise at last, and approached them.

He raised his hat politely as he said, "You are Miss Hetherton?"

Miss Hetherton said "Yes"—in such a sweet voice, Jasper thought—but looked somewhat surprised at the question.

Jasper hastened to explain.

"My sister, Mrs. French, sent this carriage for you and your brother," Jasper said.

"But there must be some mistake," said Elaine.

"Not at all," declared Jasper, decidedly; "my sister advertised for boarders, because her life in this sleepy place was getting intolerable.

"I don't think she will be disappointed;" and Jasper looked admiringly at her sweet face.

Elaine blushed and looked down, and Jasper continued, "Allow me to help you both into the carriage."

That two miles' ride home was most enjoyable.

Jasper was charmed, and mentally kicked himself for having thought her a strong-minded old maid.

And simple-hearted Elaine thought he was the handsomest, noblest man she had ever seen.

Fannie was delighted with her boarders, and that summer the Hall was gayer than it had been for many years.

Even Mrs. French forgot her nerves sometimes, and smiled to herself when she heard Elaine and Jasper singing duets together.

About a month after the arrival of Elaine and Rob Hetherton, Fannie said one day to Jasper, "Aren't you going to the seaside soon?

"You threatened to go when a certain "blue-stocking" came, you know."

"Hang the seaside!" said Jasper, irreverently.

"I'm sure you ought to go," said the artful Fannie, persuasively.

"The Lesters and the Taylors are going, and it is getting duller here than ever it was."

And the deceitful little sinner escaped from the room, and executed a delighted pirouette in the hall.

Such a delightful summer as it was! Rob soon became rosy and healthy, and looked quite another boy.

Innumerable were the drives and picnics proposed.

It was really a wonder that Elaine had any time for writing at all.

Elaine and Jasper were out in the garden one beautiful twilight.

Jasper became tender all of a sudden, and said abruptly, "Elaine!"

Elaine was just picking a rose; she started suddenly, and a great thorn scratched her finger cruelly; the blood began to ooze out, and she tried to hide her hand from Jasper. But he saw the blood-drops, firmly took the reluctant hand, and kissed the wound.

Elaine blushed and blushed, and tried to snatch her hand away.

But Japer's masterful black eyes were looking into the deep blue ones, and then—but of course you know what happened, so I won't try your patience with unnecessary details.

Suffice it to say that Jasper married Elaine three months later, and so Fannie's summer boarders became winter boarders also, much to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Heart and Gold.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

THE summer breezes surge cooly through the long open windows of the hotel, coquetting daintily with the filmy lace curtains, and permeating everything with a faint, delicious odor of sweet brier.

The Grange House is situated at the base of the mountain, which seems to gaze down upon it with an air of sternness and gentle protection combined.

Madge and Marjorie Bliss gaze about their airy room with exclamations of content and satisfaction.

They arrived at the Grange only last night, and have scarcely had time to look about.

Arcadia is just the place in which to dream away a happy summer month.

Madge and Marjorie are cousins, and Madge is an heiress.

Shall I describe them to you?

Madge has few pretensions ever to prettiness; her hair is strait and rebellious under all treatment.

Her form is slight, and possesses only passing grace.

But Madge's eyes almost make up for everything else there is deficient about her; laughing, bewildering, wine-brown, shaded by long, sweeping dark lashes.

Marjorie, with barely enough money at her command to clothe herself as becomes the friend and cousin of Miss Bliss, the rich heiress, always looks like a Greek goddess; as you gaze at her, you are prone to think that a sculptor's marble has become imbued with life and color and endowed with motion, so lovely is she.

As she leans back in an easy-chair, fanning herself languidly with a flimsy affair made of swan's-down and pearl-gray satin, Madge looks at her admiringly, without a whit of envy in her warm, loving heart.

"How beautiful you are, my dear!" she says, giving Marjorie a tender caress. "You will have all the gentlemen here at your feet, my dear."

"I am not so sure of that," says Marjorie, with a laugh.

"I cannot expect to find so many such enthusiastic admirers as you."

There is a murmur of masculine voices on the verandah near their open windows, and the fragrant odor of a cigar mingles with the breath of the sweetbrier.

"And who are the two fair ones who arrived last night?" drawls a lazy, musical voice, while its owner deposits his handsome self in a lounging-chair by Miss Bliss's windows. "By Jove! but one of them was a beauty!"

"They are the Misses Bliss's, I believe, and they are cousins.

"One of them is a great heiress, I have heard."

"Which one?"—assuming life, and animation, and interest all at once.

"I really don't know, Wertwood," was the listless reply.

"Of course it is the handsome one," says Dwight Westwood, half to himself.

"The other one is too plain and insignificant to be the heiress.

"Ward," jocularly, "you ought to make yourself agreeable to the heiress, and win her and her money."

"Thanks for your kind suggestion," says John Ward, coldly; "but I have no inclination to assume the role of 'Benedick, the married man,' just at present."

Westwood laughed blithely.

"With your figure and fascinating manner, you could win any woman you set your heart on," he says.

"What is the use of slaving to death, since you can make your fortune by the asking?"

John makes no reply, and Dwight, who evidently likes to hear himself talk, goes on in his careless way, "All the better chance for me, then, old boy.

"By Jove! I seem to see myself now—a millionaire, with a beautiful wife, and untold wealth at my command."

"'Don't count your chickens before they're hatched' is a trite saying," John Ward says.

"Westwood," with vigor, "you're the most conceited prig I ever saw!"

"Thanks, old fellow," drawls Dwight Westwood, with imperturbable good nature. "You are complimentary to-day."

Then they move away, never knowing that they have had two listeners, from necessity and not option, one of whom is righteously indignant, and the other convulsed with laughter.

Madge rises, and looks at herself in the glass attentively.

"'Plain and insignificant,' indeed!" she says, explosively. "What right has he to say so, even if I am?"

"Never mind," says Marjorie, consolingly. "No doubt, if he thought I was penniless, he'd say the same thing of me.

"Madge!" suddenly, "I have an idea!"

"Proclaim it," says Madge, dramatically, "or it may be lost in oblivion."

"Let us not undeceive this Mr. Westwood, and wait for the denouement. I don't think he'll be in a hurry to marry me when he finds out who the heiress really is."

And Madge acquiesced.

Mr. Dwight Westwood manages to get an introduction to the Misses Bliss, and immediately becomes Marjorie's most devoted cavalier.

While Madge and honest John Ward become the warmest friends.

The lazy, briar-scented days flit by, and at last the time for Marjorie and Madge to depart draws nigh.

The guests of the Grange are sorry to have them go, for the bright, witty girls have become great favorites.

"Miss Bliss—Marjorie—I think you must have already discovered how highly I regard you."

Dwight Westwood looks tenderly down at Marjorie's coquettish, blushing face.

"Tell me that I have not loved in vain."

"I—I—that is to say—no," says Marjorie, incoherently, the mirthful eyes discreetly hidden beneath the drooping lashes.

"My own darling!" breathes Dwight, drawing the blushing face to his breast.

"I am so glad you love me, Dwight, notwithstanding my wretched poverty," says Marjorie, with gushing candor, looking confidingly up into his face.

Dwight's encircling arms fall helplessly to his sides, while he stares at Marjorie in blank amazement.

"Your poverty?" he gasps.

"Yes," with an artless smile. "I am very poor, don't you know?

"If it were not for Cousin Madge, I am sure I shouldn't know what to do. She's worth oceans of money."

"Marjorie," says Dwight, desperately, his forehead covered with a cold sweat, "do—do you care so very much for me?"

"Why—ye-yes," with another delicious blush. "What is it Dwight?" her eyes showing sudden alarm.

"No—nothing," says Dwight, quickly.

"Only—only I've made a fool of myself, Miss Bliss.

"Can you ever forgive me?

"I'm engaged to another girl—have been for the last year."

"Oh, Dwight!" wails Marjorie, hiding her face in her hands.

And then the discomfited fortune-hunter strides away, glad that she hadn't made a "fuss" about it.

Could he have seen her the next moment—I think he would have been surprised.

Heart-broken?

Not a bit of it!

Her eyes are dancing with laughter, while she makes all haste to tell Madge about it.

Dwight Westwood leaves the Grange that very afternoon.

As he steps up to the carriage which is to bear him away, he catches sight of Marjorie who waves her handkerchief to him.

Dwight flushes with shame and mortification.

Oh, fool that he is!

She has been playing with him all along! He pulls his hat over his eyes, and does not return Marjorie's gay farewell smile. But little she cares for that.

And within a year Madge is married to John Ward, who, she well knows, wants her for herself alone, and not because she is Miss Bliss, the rich heiress.

In Midsummer.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

HANDS wanted at Willis's Hop Gardens, Elting."

We were sitting in the phaeton in front of Lavaud's Hotel at Ross, when this sign met our eyes.

I looked from it to Baby; Baby, with a little laugh in her blue eyes, returned my gaze.

We understood each other.

"Let us go!" she said, as we drove off.

"Now?" I asked.

"Nonsense!

"Of course not; but we can drive home, hunt up some old dresses and old shoes, make a couple of old bonnets, and to-morrow morning, when Harry goes away, come and try our luck.

"It will be great fun."

Now be it distinctly understood that my audacious friend was "wived an' married an' a'," while I was a single young woman, accountable only to myself for my misdeeds.

"And Harry?" I asked.

"We will tell him when we come back."

"But," I urged again, "what do you imagine we will have to do?"

"I have only the vaguest notions of farm work.

"My knowledge has been principally derived from story-books, and I am afraid their suggestions are, to say the least, unpractical.

"I wonder if it is to pare apples, or—or ——"

"Pick hops, very likely," broke in Baby.

"Never mind what it is; we can steal away and go home if we do not like it."

"Very well," I said; and it was settled.

Harry took the seven o'clock train the next morning, with an unsuspicious heart, and his wife and I went home to begin our adventure.

We put on two straight, plain calico skirts, and viewed the costumes with much complacency.

My jacket was a loose one, borrowed from Sarah, the cook; Baby had ripped the ruffling off her own.

Our shoes were a miracle of holes—I gave a fleeting thought to Baby's high French heels.

Hop-pickers did not usually wear them, I thought; but I said nothing.

We laughed till we were exhausted at the figures we made.

Away we drove in high glee, amid the laughter of the servants, who were by this time well used to our pranks.

"We will be back for the half-past five train," shouted Baby, as we turned out at the gate.

"Baby," I said, when we were on the Annadale road, "do you know where it is?"

"Which—the gardens or Elting?"

"The gardens."

"No; but we can ask."

I wonder did there ever present themselves at any place two such remarkable little figures as turned in at Willis's Hop Gardens.

We went past one or two fields, and met no one.

At last we came to a man with a spade on his shoulder.

"Is this Willis's Hop Garden?" asked Baby.

"It be," was the answer.

"Where do they want people to work?" demanded I, ashamed to let Baby do all the talking.

"Oh, you want a job, do you?"

Baby's sun-bonnet drooped and quivered.

I know she was speechless.

"Yes," I said; "where do we go?"

"To that red building over there.

"Just down that path, and then to the right."

We thanked him, and ran on till we came to a great red building, a sort of barn with wide-open doors, and within men and women apparently hard at work sorting and packing hops.

A few turned and stopped their work, looking at us curiously, but the rest kept on, occasionally exchanging a jest with one another.

A young man stood in his shirt-sleeves—marvellously white they were, too—with his back towards us, giving orders to a carman who was loading a wagon.

In a moment he turned and regarded us with a broad stare of astonishment.

"Sir," said Baby, "can you give us any work?"

"Will you come this way?" he asked, leading us out of the opposite doorway.

"What can you do?" he added.

"Anything," I said, as confidently as I could.

He showed us a pile of hops which was to be sorted from leaves and branches and put into baskets, and walked away to the first comers.

Baby and I fell to at once.

She knew what she was about, and I worked under her directions.

"Oh, Min," she said, in a whisper, "we are in a nice scrape if he finds us out!

"Harry will be so angry!"

"Let us steal away," I whispered back; "we can do it in a little while."

Still we kept on, half laughing, half dismayed, for a couple of hours, when our master, as Baby insisted on calling him, came back.

He might have been any age between twenty-five and thirty, tall, straight, and handsome.

"I saw him glance at Baby's white, slender fingers, where, horrors of horrors! shone a diamond, which from sheer force of habit she had forgotten to remove.

"You are getting along famously," he said, in an amused tone.

Then, "Will you be so good as to follow me?"

He looked somewhat surprised at the quantity of work we had done.

Men did not generally speak in that way to hop-pickers, but we could not in prudence refuse; so we followed him to a little garden, where, under some trees that screened them from observation, we found a bench and a rude table.

"Will you wait here?" he asked.

And, touching his hat, he went away.

"Well," I cried, sitting down, "if this does not beat everything!

"What does it mean?"

"It means that he has found out who we are," answered Baby, dejectedly.

"I wish we had not come."

"Never mind," I said, consolingly; "it is an adventure; a little more than we bargained for, that is all."

Just then came back "our master," carrying a tray which he deposited on the table before us.

Our astonished eyes took in wine, milk, a cold chicken, fresh butter, and slices of home-made bread.

"Mrs. Lester," he said, turning to Baby, "will you forgive me for recognising you?"

"But it was almost necessary; the men might have been rude, and it is better that you should go home now.

"You are wondering how I came to know you; but I have seen you often driving around the country with your friend.

"My name is Roger Carlyle."

Baby laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Mr. Carlyle," she said, "I am infinitely obliged to you.

"We saw the sign yesterday at Ross, and thought we would come for the fun of the thing.

"But I had no idea we were to have such an adventure.

"I have an idea that you are masquerading yourself."

"Well, I am," he acknowledged.

"I am acting to-day for my uncle, who owns the place. But will you not eat something?

"You must be hungry."

We were starving, and did full justice to the nice luncheon.

While we were eating, he went to the inn for a conveyance, and brought it round to us.

"Good-bye," said Baby, as he gave her the reins: and be sure you come and see us.

"Mr. Lester will be glad to thank you."

He laughed, and promised.

"Oh, Baby!" I said, when we were well on our way.

"What a scrape!"

"Pshaw!" returned Baby.

"It was plenty of fun; but nevertheless, we will not do it again."

As the half-past five train came in, two irreproachably dressed young ladies sat in a pony-phaeton, waiting for Harry Lester.

We told him all about it after dinner, and though he scolded, he had to laugh, particularly when we donned our costumes to give him an idea of the effect.

One good thing came out of it all—our friendship with Roger Carlyle.

He came over as he had promised, and gave Harry a very ludicrous account of our proceedings.

Did it ever lead to more than friendship?

How curious you are!

Perhaps.

Appetite and Sleep.

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All in Vain.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

A MASQUERADE ball.

"Well, I suppose it is right for young people to enjoy themselves," said old Mr. Porter; "but I think Kitty might have mentioned she was going.

"Since we are engaged, I'd have put on anything she wanted me to wear, and gone too.

"I suppose," continued old Mr. Porter, a little crossly—"I suppose Kitty thought me too old to go."

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Porter!" cried Mrs. Grondy, who was herself many years the junior of her prospective son-in-law.

"Surely not.

"But it was very sudden.

"Her cousin, Mrs. Rush, stopped here with Mr. Rush, of course, and she just put on a lace domino and went.

"Why don't you go too? She'd be so charmed.

"She'll be so lonely with only married folks."

And Mrs. Grondy, with a vivid remembrance of her Kitty's parting remark of, "One evening without old Porter, at least," rubbed her hands and tried to look candid.

"I could," said Mr. Porter, "I could hire a costume—a Louis the Fourteenth, or something of that sort—get a carriage and follow.

"How was she dressed?"

"In white lace," replied the mother; "but she wore those cameo bracelets you gave her yesterday.

"You'll know her by those."

"Yes, yes," said the delighted Mr. Porter.

"I know her.

"Poor little thing, she will be lonesome, going down to supper with old married folks.

"How glad she will be to see me!"

"I hope I haven't done any mischief," said Mrs. Grondy, as she smiled him out of the door.

"If he finds Kitty he'll stop that flirtation between her and young Winkle, and it's high time.

"Dear me, what trials mothers do have to bear.

"What a match Mr. Porter is!

"Three streets of houses, a country seat, and a mint of money!

"I'm sure I would have tried for him myself if I hadn't known that a man of sixty-five never looks at anybody past eighteen.

"Now, young Winkle really quite admires me, and he's only one-and-twenty, but the older they are the younger they want.

"I could not let it slip out of the family.

"I am sure he'll ask me to live with them.

"Kitty ought to be so thankful."

Remembering, however, with a shiver that Kitty was not yet Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Grondy again hoped piously that she had done no mischief, and betook herself to the POST, with which she beguiled the time during her daughter's frequent evening absences.

"When she's married," thought the good lady, "I'll manage to get a little gaiety myself.

"No doubt Mr. Porter will have an opera box at least.

"And Kitty isn't mean about money.

"I'll have my room in blue and gold, and wear black velvet all winter."

Then she lost herself in the pages of her paper.

Meanwhile, Mr. Porter had hurried to a costumer's, arrayed himself in trunk hose, a short cloak, and a hat and feather, a wig with long curls, and a mask; and thus adorned, proceeded to the academy, purchased a ticket, and entered.

Myriads of beautiful creatures flitted past him.

He strained his eyes to see his beloved one, who at that moment was seated in a bower of artificial roses, *tete-a-tete* with a charming young Andalusian, who, however, spoke no Spanish.

Gipsies, cavaliers, soldiers, old apple-women, dominoes of all colors, flitted past.

The obliging cousins had amiably wandered away, and they could talk as they chose.

The Andalusian sat very close to the white lace domino, and played with the pretty bracelet of yellow-tinted cameos linked together by chains of amethysts which adorned her arms.

"There she is," said to himself a cavalier with a top-heavy white hat and feather, and very large trunk hose, who approached the bower.

"I know the bracelets. But who is that fellow?

"These may be masked-ball manners, but I don't like them.

"I'll watch."

And Mr. Porter assumed a careless attitude, and leaned against a column which supported the bower.

He was a very short, slender old gentleman, and the costume was intended for a tall giant.

But it was all the more a disguise.

His face was, of course, hidden by his mask, and he was, fortunately, very sharp of hearing.

He had no need to look at his betrothed to know what she said.

"What a lovely waltz that was!" said the Andalusian.

"I have been so miserable, and it was such joy to hold you in my arms once more."

"Oh, indeed, was it?" asked Mr. Porter, under his breath.

"Ah!" sighed Kitty.

"Were you not also happy?" asked the Andalusian.

"Alas! I have no right to be!" said Kitty.

"Well, she has some sense of propriety anynow," commented Mr. Porter.

"But were you not?" pleaded the Andalusian.

"Oh, Richard, I was!" sighed Kitty.

"Hang it!" remarked Mr. Porter, under his breath.

"But I shall soon be another's, and I am wrong, very wrong, to confess it."

"'Tisn't so much her fault.

"I'll take care there is no more waltzing," said Porter.

"Then you really are going to marry that old hunks?" said the Andalusian, sorrowfully.

"I'm no such thing!" indignantly commented Mr. Porter.

"I am going to marry Mr. Porter," said Kitty.

"I can't help it.

"I've promised.

"'Ma drove me into it.

"You see, he is immensely rich, and we are using up everything we have.

"We've come to the last thousand.

"I could not sew for a living, could I, or go into a shop?

"And you have only $10 a-week, if your family is good.

"'Ma talked and talked, and he coaxed and coaxed.

"Mr. Porter isn't so hateful as you might think.

"He's generous, and——

"Well, it's all settled."

"Rather sensible," thought the old gentleman.

"She's young.

"I must make excuses.

"I'll take lessons in waltzing and go to balls with her."

"Settled!" replied the Andalusian.

"No, Kitty, no!

"It will not be settled so easily.

"I shall take my own life, and my blood will be on your head."

"Oh, Mr. Winkle!" sobbed Kitty.

"His gold has won your heart," continued the Andalusian.

"No, I hate him!" said Kitty.

"How can I help it, he's so old and ugly?"

"Confound it, this is pretty!" said the cavalier, grinning with rage under his mask.

"It's only because I must that I marry him," proceeded Kitty.

"And, Richard, 'ma says that as I am eighteen and he nearly seventy, I am sure to be a young widow, and then——"

"I shall go crazy!" said the bridegroom elect, clenching his fists.

"Kitty," replied the Andalusian,—"Kitty my love, promise me that when he dies you will marry me, and I'll wait if it is ten years."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, suddenly, "what is the matter with that funny-looking cavalier in the crimson velvet cloak and white hat?"

"Too much champagne, I guess," said Mr. Winkle.

It was very late.

Mrs. Grondy sat enjoying her paper, when the door-bell rang.

The servants were gone to bed.

She opened it herself, expecting to see Kitty.

Instead, a small cavalier, in a white hat and feather and a crimson cloak, stalked in and clutched her by the arm in a melodramatic fashion.

"Oh!" screamed Mrs. Grondy.

The cavalier removed his mask.

"Why, it's dear Mr. Porter!" cried Mrs. Grondy.

"Didn't you find Kitty?"

"I found your daughter," said the old gentleman, "and if you'll tell her that the cavalier in white and scarlet who leaned against the column while she talked to that confounded Spaniard was me—me, ma'am—she'll tell you why I never desire to see her again.

"There'll be no necessity for waiting ten years.

"She may say to Mr. Winkle I shall be no obstacle in the future."

And he dashed away, banging the door after him.

"Gracious!" sobbed Mrs. Grondy.

"I have made mischief.

"I had a presentiment I should."

"It's all your own fault, 'ma," said Kitty, when she heard the news.

"I remember now the cavalier's legs were the shape of old Porter's, but I did not imagine he was there.

"Good-bye to my hopes of being rich, I suppose.

"And it's not as if I'd been in earnest with Winkle.

"I wouldn't marry him for a kingdom. I only liked the flirtation.

"It's fun to be sentimental.

"Old Porter wasn't so bad as people think.

"I declare it's dreadful!"

And Kitty moistened her pillow with tears of rage and repentance for many nights, but all in vain. She had lost old Porter and his fortune.

GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.
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New Publications.

"Marianela" is a story translated from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos by Clara Bell. Galdos is a writer who has succeeded in investing the Spanish novel with an entirely new life and power which does not fall far short of absolute greatness. Treating as he does of phases of existence and society comparatively unknown to English speaking people, his works to such are inserted with an unspeakable charm. "Marianela" is a good specimen of his talent, and those who hear it will find it specially entertaining. W S. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher.

The recent death of the music-master, Richard Wagner, will lend particular interest to a biographical sketch of his life and works just published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, Mass. It is translated from the French and has the merit of giving in a brief space the chief facts of the composer's life, and plots of his leading compositions. We do not know of any work in the language which accomplishes these objects so well and in such brief space. The book is adorned with a fine photograph of Wagner.

The Century Co. have undertaken the revision of the "Imperial Dictionary," a new edition of which containing 130,000 words, with extensive and important alterations, has just been issued in Great Brittain, after a labor of ten years by English experts. The revision is under the charge of Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale, as editor in-chief, aided by a corps of assistants. This edition was announced for publication in December, but it will not be ready until May first.

Theodore Tilton has prepared a new edition of his famous novel, "Tempest Tossed," which R. Worthington has nearly ready. Everyone will remember the excitement this story produced upon its first appearance, and there is no reason for doubting that it will have as great a success in its new form. Pictures from the life are always the most attractive.

"The Way of Life," for the Sunday school, edited by W. A. Ogden. This new work consists of New Songs by authors of established reputation, also a number of the most popular Hymn Tunes of the church. The topics are well chosen and applicable to the Sunday School lessons. One of the excellent features of the book is, the melodies are all within the range of children's voices. Sample copy, postpaid, 25c. W. W. Whitney, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

"The Illustrated Art Notes" of the Spring exhibition, held at the National Academy of Design, New York, have just been published by Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co. The [illegible] are charming, as were its predecessors, by [illegible] who has performed his task in a most satisfactory manner. It contains reproductions of about 100 of the best pictures with explanatory notes, name of artist, etc. To those taking an interest in art matters it is especially valuable. Price 35 cents.

"An Ugly Heroine" is the somewhat striking title of a novel by Christine Faber. The story is of a simple, domestic character, but told in an unusually entertaining way. Not that there are not sufficient of the exciting, and enough of the romantic in the plot to please those who must have these ingredients, but the other prevails. This is more of a merit, however, since the charm of the tale thus mainly depends upon the manner of its telling. While likely to entertain all, those who like quiet simplicity in a novel, not unconnected with a good moral, will find it specially attractive. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Phila. Price $1.50.

With many readers none of the modern writers stand higher than Ouida, and these will be glad to peruse "Wanda, Countess of Syrlis," her latest published work. It has every mark which distinguishes this author for richness of style, strength of character, and interest of plot. It may be regarded as impossible for anything from her pen to be dull, and "Wanda" is certainly no exception to the rule. Those who read it will find it highly entertaining. In paper covers, 40 cents. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Major Jones's Courtship. Author's New Enlarged Edition. With, twenty-one illustrations. Teemed with Humorous Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures, by Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia." The lovers of genuine American humor will be pleased to learn that Messrs T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued a new and enlarged edition of "Major Jones's Courtship," a work that has been universally accorded the reputation of being one of the best humorous books of the century. We can recommend it as being very enjoyable reading. Price 75 cents.

"The Prairie Flower," and its Sequel "Lost Lenti," by Emerson Bennett, just issued are full of fire, love, passion, scenes of horror and pathos. Pictures seen and over the Broad Prairies and Rocky Mountains of the Mighty West, before the ever-[illegible] tread of civilization has entered [illegible] their vast solitudes with [illegible] Indians, and a few half-[illegible] settlers and trappers, traversed the lonely region. In Great Mr. Bennett writes [illegible] to be an irresistible charm, holding the reader spell-bound from the beginning to the end. We were led to mention the eagerness with which "The Prairie Flower" and "Lost Lenti," were sought after and devoured upon their last publication. Everybody read them, everybody talked about them, and, for a time, not to have seen or not to have read "The Prairie Flower," and "Lost Lenti," was to acknowledge yourself guilty of unpardonable ignorance. T. B. Peterson & Brothers Publishers. Price [illegible]

"[illegible]s, No. 2. New York: E. [illegible] & Co. 50 cents. The second number of this quarterly issue confirms the impression made by No. 1 of the series, that no more practical publication of its kind has ever come to our notice. The dialogues are fresh, original, of good moral and intellectual tone, and are well arranged for management, requiring little or no stage [illegible]. It is agreeable to know that a fresh supply of such good material may be had quarterly at the small cost of one [illegible] a year.

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for May contains nine articles [illegible] which discusses some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Mexico. The Rev. William Kirkus, taking occasion from Bishop McQuaid's recent vaticinations regarding the decay of Protestantism, makes a counter charge upon the papal system in an article entitled The Disintegration of Romanism. In Emerson and Carlyle, Edwin P. Whipple discourses with all his old-time keenness of psychological insight and perfection of literary form upon the strangely diverse mental and moral characteristics of those two great thinkers. Prof. Felix Adler offers A Secular View of Moral Training. Communism in America, by Prof. Alexander Winchell, gives very forcible expression to the apprehensions of those pessimistic observers of the trend of events in this country who think that they see in our political and social development all the signs of impending national decay. The other articles are Affinities of Buddhism and Christianity, by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke; Woman as an Inventor, by Matilda Joslyn Gage; College Endowments, by Rossiter Johnson, and Extradition, by A. G. Sedgwick. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

The May Wide Awake, closing Volume XVI., opens with a lovely Isle of Wight frontispiece designed by Garrett, for Joaquin Miller's piquant sketch, "Mr. Tennyson's Fairies." Next Mr. Hayden celebrates apple blossom time in a delicious orchard picture, illustrating Miss Wilkins' poem; "Come into the Garden," with Mr. Barnes' beautiful Decorative Plaque. The long "short story" of the number is "Caryl's Plum." Colonel Hayne has an excellent article with "Old Geoffroy's Relic," a long dramatic poem, illustrated by Barnes. Bodfish's Picture Serial, "Through Spain on Donkey-Back," comprises five pages of [illegible] from Spanish folk-life. The serials, "The Silver City," and "Old Caravan Days," reach culminations. Mrs. Diaz' sixth "John Spicer Lecture," treats of "Money." The comedy, "More Than They Bargained For," promises developments of an exciting and amusing nature. Marion Harland's "Cookery for Beginners," tells "What to do with 'Left-Overs,'" and the music is a setting by Louis Maas of Christian Rossetti's "Nightingale." The Chautauqua Readings, as has been well said, constitutes almost an additional magazine. This month, "Anna Maria's Housekeeping" is especially valuable, treating of how "To clean and to keep clean." "Pleasant Authors," takes up Dr. John Brown, and Professor Sargent writes in his "Health and Strength Papers" of "Running and Jumping." $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co. Boston: Publishers.

Saint Nicholas for May contains among other good things, Among the Polly-Dancers.—A Fable for Boys, (Illustrated.)—A Thoughtful Friend, (Illustrated.)—The Story of Robin Hood, (Illustrated.)—Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Bird's New House, (Illustrated.)—Signs of May, (Illustrated.)—A Kansas Nursery, (Seven Illustrations.)—Peggy's Trial.—"Spring"-time in the Country.—Stories of Art and Artists.—Dinner-time at the Zoological Gardens.—Mike and I.—Mud-pies.—An Unsatisfactory Meeting, (Three Illustrations.)—The Last of the Peterkins.—Curious Items About Birds, (Illustrated.)—Sweet Alyssum.—A Weather Prophecy, (Illustrated.)—Work and Play for Young Folks.—Correct Dress of Women, (Illustrated.)—For Very Little Folk.—Jack in the Pulpit, (Illustrated.)—The Letter-box.—The Agassiz Association, and The Riddle-box, (Illustrated). The Century Co., N. Y.

The Popular Science Monthly for May contains The Remedies of Nature.—Consumption.—Science and Conscience.—Physics in General Education.—Microscopic Life in the Air, (Illustrated.)—How Much Animals Know.—Chemistry and Pharmacy.—Position and Stroke in Swimming, (Illustrated.)—How the Ancient Forests Became Coal.—A Superstitious Dog.—From Buttercup to Monk's-Hood.—On the Colors of Water.—A Wonder From the Deep Sea, (Illustrated.)—Gymnastics.—Why Are We Right Handed.—Lengthening the Visible Spectrum, (Illustrated.)—The Boundaries of Astronomy.—Is Gravitation Universal?—On Brain-Work and Hand-Work.—Sketch of Professor Richard Owen, F. R. S., (With Portrait.)—Correspondence.—Editor's Table.—Literary Notices.—Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

Those who are interested in the antiquities of our country, should by all means be subscribers to the *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*. It is edited with rare ability by S. D. Peet, and has among its contributors the leading antiquarians of the country. Its [illegible] articles on [illegible] Archæology, Egyptian, Ancient Mexican, Aryan, Semitic, and Oriental Research, together with [illegible] Aryan, Semitic, and Oriental Research, together with [illegible] on [illegible] topics of the highest value, novelty, and interest. Terms $3.00 per annum. Jameson & Morse, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 6, 1882.
Hop Bitters Co.

I am 74 years old, have lived 34 years in Philadelphia, and well known among Germans. I have been troubled 12 years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache, and fever, in fact was very sick. I saw in the German *Democrat* that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise right from the first, my swelling went down gradually and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters. JOHN STOLL
No. 4 Young's Alley, above W[illegible] St.

[illegible], IND., Nov. 13, 1881.

DEAR SIRS—I have read so much about Hop Bitters and always being afflicted with neuralgia, weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a trial.

LEVI VAIL.

Beat the World.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., March 6, 1882.
Hop Bitters Co.

I have been using your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.
L. S. LEWIS, Lewis' axles machine.

LEKTONIA, PA., April 13, 1882.
Hop Bitters Co.

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicines and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y., none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.
Very Respectfully Yours,
R. HUNT.

GENTLEMEN—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction, one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John R. Green, 728 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced *rheumatism*. He tried physicians and [illegible] in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep; his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the "Christian [illegible]" he was persuaded [illegible] of his daughters to try it. Three bottles effected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast in Hop Bitters. He is [illegible] and [illegible] results to the locality named and known as a gentleman of unusual [illegible].
HENRY [illegible]
672 North 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE JELLOWAY MU. A. ASSOCIATION,
JELLOWAY, O., Mar. 18, '82.
Hop Bitter Manufacturing Co.

I have been using your Hop Bitters and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease, (viz., superior to all others.) I. L. HILDEBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness and Blindness.

OFFICE UTICA MORNING HERALD,
UTICA, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exercise from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved. Respectfully Yours,
J. J. FLANIGAN.

Hop Bitters Co. June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney complaint, and I have tried with fourteen different medicines and no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after I had used a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds. JAMES COONTS.
Beallington, Barber County, W. Va.

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or patent medicines, but when a responsible citizen's article composed of valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should [illegible] cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, and in believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them.
REV. R. R. —, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., writing a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE SPANIEL'S STORY. [CONTINUED.]

TOWARDS morning I was in quite a wild country.

"There was not a house to be seen, save one shepherd's hut, and this I determined to avoid, but fate willed it otherwise.

I caught my leg in a trap that had been set for a fox.

"How [illegible]

M[illegible] towards evening the shepherd's boy came to my relief, I expected nothing but death.

"How different was the treatment I received at the hands of the dear boy who found me!

"He carried me away to his mother's cot, and for weeks between the two of them they tended and fed me as if I had been a baby.

"The food I had may have been rough.

"What of that?—I had it regularly, and I [illegible] better dog than I.

"I could have lived there for ever.

"But happiness will not, cannot last in this world.

"One day a bird-catcher came over the hills.

"I went to look at him, he threw me a piece of meat and I ate it.

"I remember no more until I found myself tied with a rope, and the blackness of darkness everywhere about me.

"How I blamed my greed in not having been contented with the kindly fare my humble master and mistress never failed to place before me.

"But my life with this bird-catcher was of short duration.

"He sold me, and before many months was over, I was re-sold, and sold and sold again.

"Sometimes I was owned by rich, sometimes by poor, at times I slept in stables, at times on beds of down, but I cannot say I was ever happy.

"I was seldom fed with regularity either—indeed, the time on any day at which I dined was merely chance.

"My water, whenever I had a dish, was seldom pure, and as for exercise, I had to take it whenever I could.

"Folks little think how cruel such treatment as this is, but the time is coming when they will know, although my poor bones will then be mouldering in the dust.

"We have but a short life, we poor doggies.

"I think those who own us and whom we love and try to serve so faithfully, might often be a little kinder to us than they are.

"But there—I will not sadden this happy meeting by one word of complaint.

"The last master I had was one of the best of all, but he was thoughtless, and I determined if I had the chance to leave him.

"That chance came. It came with Christmas Eve.

"I could see that preparations were being made to send me away, and to my joy I heard more than once mention of the name of Philadelphia.

"Finally I was led to the station and consigned to the tender mercies of the railway officials.

"Never shall I forget the horrors of that journey, for instead of putting me in a clean hamper, properly directed as he ought to have done, my master simply sent me off on a collar and chain.

"So I was thrust into a terrible box, called "the boot," with at each end of it a grating, the way was long the night was piercing cold, I had neither food nor water, nor straw to lie upon, and the wind whistled over me till my very bones felt frozen.

"But worse than all, I had to change cars towards morning.

"I was taken out, therefore, and tied up at the station at a corner, where the wind blew most bitterly, and the whirling snow almost choked me.

The snow was all the refreshment I had for many hours.

"So there I starved and shivered all the live-long day.

"Rosy-cheeked happy-looking children and people in holiday attire brushed past me, friends met friends, there were laughing and gaiety and joy on all sides, but no one looked toward poor me.

"Yes, forgive me if I forget thee, dear one-eyed, gentle woman, you came and stood in front of me, and I could see a tear quiver for a moment, ere it fell on my head.

"This dear lady opened her bag and gave me something to eat.

"At length came a porter, a rough, hard-handed, cruel man, and undid my chain, but my poor limbs were quite paralysed, and refused to move.

"'Come, you must,' he cried, and kicked

[illegible]

'Why a railway [illegible], only a big, bully, blue-coated brass-buttoned railway conductor, but as, lamp in hand, he stood there, square-shouldered and erect glancing with indignant eyes at the wretched cowering porter, he seemed all a hero.

"'How dare you use a dog like that?' he cried.

"He took me into his arms, and carried me into his own car, and gave me a bed of warm straw.

"Heaven bless him, wherever he is: but for him I should have died.

"I was left to starve again at the station, but [illegible] I pulled my head [illegible] and died.

"That is my story, and it just proves that the world is not all bad, and there are good conductors who are kind to poor dogs like myself, who happen to be travelling on long wearisome journeys.

"Once more I say bless them, and happy may their Christmas be."

As Rover finished speaking, the elephant drew up in front of the kangaroo sheds.

One of the kangaroos looked out.

"I am the only one disengaged," said he.

"The others are all getting ready for the banquet."

"The animals' banquet at the refreshment rooms," explained the elephant to Eva.

"It is the grand Bulsbury-upon-the-Hill night."

"Yes," responded the kangaroo, "and it is the oddest idea.

"Truly this is a very odd country."

"I don't think it is," said Jeff, a little indignantly.

"I thought that America was always quite right, and that other countries must be wrong.

"And Australia certainly must be odder than America."

"Yes," chimed in Eva, "Australia must be odd."

"I don't want to say anything against America," said the kangaroo.

"This country is well enough, and I'm very happy at the Zoo.

"But just listen to what I am going to tell you, and you will find that Australia is not in any way an odd country."

THE KANGAROO'S STORY.

"NOW, my dear children," continued the kangaroo, "Australia is not an odd country.

"Everything is very odd in America and I ought to know, for I have been in it a whole year.

"Even the sun is odd.

"Why does he rise in the place where he ought to set, and set where he ought to rise?

"In Australia he knows better.

"He gets up and goes to bed in the proper places, and travels from right to left as he ought to do, and not from left to right, as he does in this odd country.

"Then there is the moon.

"I can make nothing of her.

"She is always where she has no business to be, and I never know where to look for her.

"Some conceited kangaroos who were born in this absurd country say that it is all right, and that I don't know what I am talking about.

"I am sure they don't know what they are talking about.

"As soon as I mention anything about the sun, or moon, or stars, they begin to talk about things which they call 'poles' and 'equators.'

"Now, how can a pole interfere with the sun?

"As for equators, I never saw one, and I do not believe that any one else has done so.

"I ask you, then, what is the use of talking about things which neither you or anybody else has seen?

"You can't even be content to have the same stars as we do.

"What have you done with the Southern Cross, that I am used to?

"As to your Polar Star, that you make such a fuss about, it is a stupid little thing, not half so big or so bright as any of the stars in the Southern Cross.

"If you must have a Polar Star, why not keep the Southern Cross, and have both, and then everybody would be pleased.

"But, as I said before, America is an odd country.

"Then there is the wind. That is wrong too.

"One very cold day, I was sitting in my house, trying to keep myself warm in the straw, when I heard two people talking.

"One said to the other that the cold was enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones.

[illegible]

'A [illegible]!'

'Why, in Australia, where the winds know what they are about, we should [illegible] the wind is the warm one.

[illegible] by a question to my neighbors who were born here that the cold wind really blows from the north this in queer country, and the warm wind from the south.

"Then, all I can say is, that the American winds do not know their business, and had better [illegible] the Australian winds, who do.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[illegible]

LONG YEARS AGO.

BY L. LORENHOFER.

"On the first day of April,
Hunt the gawk another mile."

SHOUTED Alick, in great glee, as he ran after the cuckoo, who was crying with all his might from a neighboring [illegible]

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" sang the bird, but this time the sound seemed to come from a group of trees some distance off.

"How did you get there?" thought Alick.

"I never saw you fly.

"Never mind; if you can fly, I can run.

"On the first day of April
Hunt the gawk another mile,"

and off he set again.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo!" cried the bird, but this time the sound came from the lime-tree avenue.

On ran Alick, but when he came to the avenue, the sound of "Cuckoo, cuckoo," was faintly heard from the wood on the other side of the fields.

Over the hedge scrambled the boy, and, in his hurry to get over, lost his footing and fell into the muddy ditch on the other side, where he stuck fast.

Alick picked himself up, and looked ruefully at his soiled clothes.

One of his boots was sticking in the mud, and his cap formed a nice little floating island at some yards' distant.

"That stupid bird has been making an April-fool of me," cried the boy angrily, forgetting that he had been playing pranks upon other people all morning with great success.

He had made the cook's hair stand on end by telling her that a frog was in the pan where she was kneading the dough for the day's baking.

He had sent his little brother to mamma with a note, in which was written that the bearer would be much obliged for a box on the ear.

He had even asked Grandpapa, innocently, where his spectacles were, and Grandpapa had hunted everywhere, to find them at last on his own nose.

No, all things considered, he had no reason to be angry, but he was, all the same.

It is a very different thing to make others April-fools, and to be made an April-fool yourself.

In the evening, when cleaned and subdued, Alick sat on the hearth-rug, near Grandpa's easy chair, he asked, musing over the events of the day—

"Grandpa, why do we say, 'Hunt the gawk another mile,' why not 'hunt the cuckoo another mile?'"

"Gawk is the old English word for cuckoo," replied Grandpapa.

"But gawk means a man, a queer kind of man, Grandpapa.

"We say—

"'What a gawk!'"

"Yes, my dear, the word expresses an idea of awkwardness or unfitness: and is often used as a term of derision."

"But how did it come to mean both?" asked Alick.

"And [illegible]

When Grandpapa said, "Thereby hangs a tale," Alick knew that a pleasant half-hour was in store for him, so he crept closer to the easy chair, saying—

"Oh, please tell me all about it, Grandpapa."

"Long years ago," commenced Grandpapa, "when Dame Nature was young—you have heard me speak of Dame Nature before, Alick, have you not?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times," answered the boy.

"Please go on."

She was in the habit of visiting her domains in person once a year, to look after her subjects, hear their complaints help them in their troubles and bestow gifts, to [illegible]

[illegible] day in the early [illegible] forest, as green was her [illegible]

"Were all the leaves out then?" asked Alick.

"No, my dear, but there were the fir trees, and the moss, and the young buds.

"She chose the forest for, because she always brought a new bird with her as a gift to her people.

"It was one of the festivities that always took place on Dame Nature's arrival to christen the new bird, and then when he was let loose, run after him to find out what he was like before he flew away out of sight.

"On one occasion, Dame Nature had announced her arrival with all the usual pomp and ceremonies.

"March had trumpeted her approach on his wind's [illegible] after having given an account of his doings as magistrate, had laid down his staff of office before Dame Nature's throne.

"Being graciously dismissed, he retired like a [illegible] father Old Winter, by the [illegible]

"At once Winter stood up and [illegible]

"The fact is, the old gentleman had had it all his own way that year, and with the [illegible] and [illegible] had [illegible] dance.

"Dame Nature, [illegible] where [illegible] and [illegible] had not [illegible]

"Like all despots, he had presumed on his authority; and now, forgetting that his time of rule was over, refused to yield his place to his successor.

"'Father,' said March, impatiently, 'it is all of no use.'

"'I must go, and you had better come with me.'

"So saying he [illegible] the old man [illegible] by the long white beard, and [illegible] him away.

"[illegible]

"Dame Nature now thought it time for her to interfere.

"'Come,' said she, maxingly, 'be sensible, there's a good fellow.

"'You know you will have to yield, so go away quietly.

"'If I were disposed, you know, I could blame you severely.

"'You have allowed your children to behave very cruelly to my poor subjects, and they have complained bitterly to me of them and you.

"'Why did you not keep December and January in order?

"'They are but rough fellows at the best, but they have shown themselves perfectly heartless this season.

"'Then February, from whom I expect better things, was, according to all accounts, very nearly as bad, and the bad example of his brothers has even affected March, who, if he be a little wild and ill-tempered, is a good-natured fellow at heart.

"'You know that I was taking a sounder nap than usual, and you have been indulging, as you like to do, in your despotic tastes.

"'A little severity, my old friend, is all very well, but in moderation—in moderation.'

"'In moderation,' shrieked the old man, frantically, and forgetting the respect he owed to Dame Nature, he actually shook his stick in her face.

"'In moderation! I hate the word.

"'I'm master here, and I won't go.'

"His words sent an icy chill through the assembly.

"Dame Nature, who had a decayed tooth, felt a twinge that entirely disturbed the equanimity of her temper.

"'Wretched old man,' cried she angrily, 'do you dare to bandy words with me.

"'You know well enough that I can settle you at once, and that with the help of a boy, too.

"'April, my dear, come forward, and look this obstinate old fellow in the face.'

"April, who had been hiding behind Dame Nature's chair, now appeared at a bound, and March rushed away without looking at him, leaving his old father in the lurch.

"April was a lusty young fellow of peculiar appearance.

"He seemed to have a cold in one eye, and was always winking and blinking.

"The other eye was as bright as you would wish to see it.

"He placed himself exactly before old Winter, and began winking at him, till the old gentleman became quite confused in his head, and raised his hand to his brow to wipe off the drops of perspiration that were collecting, and to which he was entirely unaccustomed.

"In so doing he let his stick fall, and stood tottering and shaking in a very painful manner.

"No sooner did the men and boys see this than they pointed their fingers jeeringly at him, calling out—

"[illegible]

"One of the boys picked up the stick and threatened to strike him with it.

"'Let us hunt old Winter; let us hunt the gawk,' cried they.

"Winter, without his stick, and still under the mysterious influence of young April's eyes, turned and ran as hard as he could with the little strength still left him, [illegible]

"Dame Nature, looking through her eye-glass, was [illegible] and Winter would be seriously injured.

"'April, my dear, said she, turning to the boy, 'we must divert the attention of those wild fellows, or else our old friend will not make his escape.

"'Have you brought the new bird with you, as I told you?'

"'Yes, my lady,' returned April.

"'He is in a cage at the back of your throne.'

"'Let him loose, then,' said the lady.

"April did as he was told, and a brown bird flew toward the part of the forest where the foliage was the thickest, crying 'Cuckoo, cuckoo!'

"'That's well,' said Dame Nature, and clapping her hands first, to call attention, she pointed to the bird, saying in a loud voice:

'On the first day of April,
Hunt the gawk another mile.'

"Immediately the men and boys, pausing in their pursuit, looked after the flying bird, and soon, to Dame Nature's delight, ran after it repeating the couplet with [illegible] earnest.

"Old Winter took advantage of this diversion to make good his escape; and though a number of his pursuers returned from their vain efforts to catch the bird, shouting 'Old Winter's the gawk,' they [illegible] on.

"[illegible] Dame Nature [illegible] first [illegible] bird [illegible]

MASKS AND FACES.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

The stage was bright, the plaudits rang,
  The play was nearly o'er:
With happy voice the player sang
  "Love is for evermore!"
"She never sang or looked so fair,"
  The people whispered low:
But the real tale of the woman there
  Nobody cared to know.

The circus crowd was gay and glad,
  And loud the whirling ring:
Huzza! the rider rode like mad,
  As jocund as a king.
Huzza! to watch him laugh and leap,
  They cheered him high and low;
But the tears that lay in his bosom deep
  Nobody cared to know.

And we all are playing for out day
  On the stage of life we fare,
Each with his little part to play,
  Each with his mask to wear.
And what is real 'tis vain to ask,
  And what is only show;
For what lies hidden behind the mask
  Only ourselves may know.

ASYLUM NOTES.

WHEN a young medical man completes his compulsory studies, and gets his labors crowned on graduation day, it is not long before he awakes to a knowledge of the fact that it is only now that he is really beginning his life's work; and the question arises, what particular branch of medical practice is he to follow out? He may go in for some hospital appointment; settle down in private practice in town or country; or he may obtain an appointment as medical officer in some lunatic asylum.

By a chain of circumstances which could be of no interest to the general reader, I determined on the last line of practice. Any one seized as I was with a desire to see how an institution for the insane is conducted, will enter the asylum for the first time with an almost solemn tread. But as soon as the visitor enters the spacious building, his anxiety will pass away, and his dread will lapse into admiration and wonder. Is this a palace? There are gardens around it, laid out and kept with the greatest care. There is a farm within the grounds, cultivated not only with regard to profit, but to taste. There are workshops, in which many hands are busy, but none are overworked, and from which cheery singing and conversation may emanate.

Within the house there is in all parts cleanliness and tasteful decoration. Not a room is dark, not a passage dismal. The sleeping-rooms are models of comfort, boasting the latest improvement in spring-mattress bedding, etc.; and the living-rooms, galleries, and corridors, models not of neatness only, but of taste and beauty. In the rooms are bright pictures, flowers, and occasionally aviaries or aquaria. Hard by is a chapel decorated in tasteful style; and last, but not least, within the building is a grand recreation-room and theatre. If he follow one of the patients throughout the day, the patient will be found, according to his case, a member of the most perfect social system. He will have given to him, if he can do it, light work at the farm or workshops. He will be provided with books. He will have the best advice in sickness, the most skilled nursing; and, above all, he will find in the Medical Superintendent, who is by necessity a gentleman and a scholar, one ever ready to inquire into and redress if need be, his complaints.

Doctors are not yet agreed as to a thoroughly good classification of the forms of insanity; but people of unsound mind may be roughly divided into two great classes—those who are depressed or demented, and those who are maniacal or violent. It is extraordinary how the idea prevails that patients who are confined in asylums are nearly all of the latter type—raving lunatics, of furious manner and action, dishevelled in dress and appearance. The truth is that the number of such cases in asylums is exceedingly small—perhaps five per cent. of the whole; and instead of the casual visitor seeing howling, violent creatures confined behind gratings, or in padded rooms, he sees numbers of people orderly in demeanor and dress, working, reading, or employing themselves rationally in endless ways.

The reader may then ask: "Why is it that people thus capable of conducting themselves with apparent propriety and self-respect, and who are able to occupy themselves usefully, are confined at all, deprived of their liberty, separated from their friends and the world?"

To reply to this, it will be necessary to enter with more detail into a description of the patients.

Many who sit there so quietly, and apparently rational in conversation and demeanor, are liable to epileptic fits, which render the subject of these fits at times one of the most dangerous class of patients, some of the most atrocious crimes known having been committed in the epileptic state.

Delusions are not, however, always of a fierce or gloomy nature; on the contrary, in one of the commonest and most fatal forms of insanity, exalted delusions are the leading feature. One will tell us that he is a king, a millionaire—nay, even at times the Almighty. The asylum in which he lives he imagines to be a real abode, and the other patients, his friends and servants; and, "last scene of all," when strength is failing, and he can scarcely stand or raise his hand to his head, he tells us that he can write his name on the ceiling with a five-hundred-pound-weight hanging to his little finger.

Grains of Gold.

Opinion is twilight; science is daylight; ignorance is night.

The best and highest praises are those we evolve—not those we receive.

One cannot live in Christ, and be hid: it will shine out in character and conduct.

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much nor dare too much.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be.

Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

In order to convey true impressions when speaking, no need is more imperative than that of sympathy.

Faith never rests so calmly and peacefully as when it lays itself on the pillow of God's omnipotence.

Don't trouble yourself about the next thing you are to do. No man can do the second thing. He can do the first.

Most people affect to dislike ceremony; yet they are quick to resent any little omission of respect due to themselves.

It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both.

The desire to do right, and the knowledge of what is right, must go hand in hand in the formation of every noble character.

Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow.

It is rare when injustice or slights patiently borne do not leave the heart at the close filled with marvelous joy and peace.

Teach children to be polite. Teach them that there is nothing, but goodness of heart, of so much durability as a pleasing deportment.

Small courtesies are often like the drops of oil poured upon an engine in motion, making our complicated social machine work smoothly and peaceably.

Self-knowledge is not learned in solitude; where none oppose, the will becomes a tyrant. You must learn from suffering a wiser judgment of your powers.

One perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood.

Have the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare. Giving what you do not want or value neither brings or deserves thanks in return.

Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

The well-regulated life must be its own judge of what pleasures and amusements are proper and best. One infallible rule should be to engage in nothing that is in itself wrong.

Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning: his daily cross, his duty, and his privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men: it is not the calm experiences of life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in most men's lives, probably, than any other class of causes.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in these circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk and goes to sleep.

It is the great art of the philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad—to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

Femininities.

Woman—The crown of creation.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of sex.

A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.

Lime sprinkled in fire-places during summer months is healthy.

Less time spent in idle dreaming, and devoted to the duties of life, would give us wealth and contentment.

A young man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

A young man engaged to three different girls is obliged to tell twenty-two lies per week to prevent discovery. How man lies would he tell in six months?

Correspondents of a daily paper are discussing the question: "Can a man marry on $10 a week?" He cannot if the girl is aware of the amount of his income.

Mrs. Smith is a practical woman. When she was told of a wonderful instance of prayer-cure, she remarked, "Only think of it! And it didn't cost a cent either!"

A lawyer says that a convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately.

Intemperance among women is increasing in Great Britain. Some years since it was five intemperate women to ten men, but later statistics make it stand seven women to ten men.

It is seriously stated that fashionable milliners ask each of their clients on which side of the aisle her pew is, in order that the chief ornamentation may be on the congregation side of the bonnet.

The extensive employment of women in stores has driven the proprietors to adopt a new turn in their advertisements and elsewhere. "Salespersons" is the word now used, and includes both sexes.

A lady pays seven dollars for a pair of fashionable shoes, and endures fourteen dollars worth of agony for every mile she walks. How much agony would she endure in walking three weeks?

A Portland, Ore., couple had all the fun and romance of an elopement taken out of them by the united statement of their pa and ma on their return home that they were all the while in favor of the match.

Falling-out of the hair announces itself by itchings in the skin of the head; friction with rum or brandy will cure the itching. Many ladies owe their premature baldness to sleeping with the hair closely confined.

Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slave.

Mrs. Bowers is three feet high. She lives in California, with her husband and four daughters, all of whom are of ordinary size. At table she sits in a high chair. But she is a rigid disciplinarian, and the children submit to being whipped by her.

"Ma," said Miss Parvenu, "Jennie Jones has been presented at court in London." "That's nothing," replied ma. "Why, I was in court two whole weeks when my sister was getting her divorce. We are just as good as the Joneses!"

A lady advertises that she has a "fine airy well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve feet square." Another has a "cheap and desirable suit of rooms for a respectable family in good repair." Still another has a "hall bedroom for a single woman 8 by 12."

She makes her husband and her children happy who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it, you can rest assured.

At St. John, N. B., the other day, when six women acted as pall-bearers at a funeral, they were arrayed in black dresses, the monotony of which was relieved by white gloves and veils. They carried the coffin successfully in and out of the church and lowered it into the grave.

Missionaries in the East call earnestly for women physicians to practice in the seraglios of that country. No Eastern woman is allowed either to speak or to uncover her face before any man save her father, husband, or son; therefore, she must have a female medical attendant, or none at all.

At the railroad station in West Cornwall N. Y., the travelers were stupefied at seeing a young woman attempt the difficult feat of entering the car through the window. She had never before seen a railroad train, having lived in the inland country, and said she thought that was the regular method of ingress.

Everyone can't be beautiful, but they can be sweet-tempered; and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive in the long run than even beauty. Have a smile and a kind word for all, and you will be more admired—nay, loved, than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

Love is a heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness. Love is a chameleon, which draws nothing into the mouth but air, and nourishes nothing in the body but the tongue. A man has a choice to begin love, but not to end it. Love-knots are tied with eyes, and cannot be untied with hands; made fast with thoughts, not to be loosed with fingers.

News Notes.

Alabama has 17,247 more women than men.

Infants when very young do not shed tears.

There are 700,000 Masons in the United States.

England spends $25,000,000 annually for oysters.

The United States uses 75,000,000 pounds of tea a year.

There are 4,000,000 Methodists in the United States.

A school-room should contain from 300 to 400 cubic feet of air to each pupil.

A Tallahassee belle recently attended a party wearing live spiders in her hair.

The Greenland youth who cannot catch seals is despised, and fed on woman's diet.

About 90 years ago the land upon which Cincinnati now stands was purchased for 75 cents an acre.

New York is said to be the third German city in the world, outnumbered only by Berlin and Vienna.

Nearly as many reams of paper, in the United States, are made into collars as are used to write upon.

The three-cent stamp will have been in use thirteen years when the new rate goes into effect next October.

It is said that a section of the Salvation Army are trying to convert some of the natives of this State with a hand-organ.

It is reported in New York that Jay Gould is about to retire to private life, with a fortune estimated at $100,000,000.

When frogs are seized by snakes, they enlarge themselves wonderfully, so that if the snake be of small size the frog escapes.

A paper-pulp chimney, 50 feet high, has been erected in Breslau, Germany. It is chemically prepared to resist combustion.

The Postoffice Department of the United States carried 8,627,002 registered letters and packages last year, 726 of which were lost.

The Queen of Italy has a Neapolitan physician who sits at the royal table to prevent Her Majesty from eating unwholesome food.

The loss by worn silver coin withdrawn from circulation in Great Britain during the past year amounted to not less than $175,000.

On account of the demand for alligators, a Florida man has begun to cultivate them, and has 1,200 of the reptiles ready for shipment.

The longest word in the English language is honorificabilitudinity, which has eleven syllables. It signifies the state of being honorable.

Hops are now so dear that they are called brewers' diamonds, and $150,000 worth is not an uncommon stock on hand at a large brewery.

An International Congress of societies and individuals interested in the protection of children, will be opened in Paris on June 15th.

The Prince of Wales has agreed to send some of his dogs to the great dog show at Berlin. He is one of the greatest dog-fanciers in England.

A couple of ostriches in a California Zoo got into a fight recently, during which they knocked the fence down and ran over a crowd of school children.

Sixteen ladies of Fremont, Neb., are out in a call to their sister voters to turn out at the school election and see that good men are chosen directors.

A Kansas deacon's preface, "Brethren and sisters, let us pray for G. M. Smith, and make a better man of him," cost him five hundred dollars in a slander suit.

The last census of India shows that there are 21,000,000 widows in the land of elephants and jungles. This is due to the fact that no woman whose husband dies is allowed to remarry.

In a Georgia town so many dogs and cats are taken to church, that a local paper calls for their expulsion on the ground that they "annoy grown-up people and keep the children giggling."

A "horse that went through the war" is not now regarded as a valuable possession, either as a patriotic memento or as a beast of burden. One that had been glowingly advertised recently sold in Baltimore for $17.75.

A Washington man has invented a suicide pellet. They are about the size of a capsule, and are flavored to suit any taste. When swallowed by the victim the moisture of the stomach causes them to explode—and the man is blown to atoms.

Statistics of crime in seven of the largest cities in the United States, and based upon population, show that San Francisco leads in the number of homicides, followed in the order of mention by Cincinnati, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston.

One of Governor Butler's exhibits in the Tewksberry Almshouse investigation was the tanned skin of a negro, which had once covered the muscles of an inmate of the institution. Pieces of the hide were clipped off by the Governor and distributed among the counsel as curiosities.

ONE COLD IS SOMETIMES CONTRACTED ON TOP OF ANOTHER, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the Lungs so strained and racked, that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Diseases can be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any throat or Lung Trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long-established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

The Spectre Monk.

BY LADY HERBERT.

IN the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened.

The only thing which escaped was the Cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle.

A few years after this event the Chevalier ——, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation and of making researches among the monuments and ruins.

He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage.

He arrived at Messina on a fine summer day, and getting the key of the Cathedral from the custode—for it was after vespers—commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building.

His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the door through which he had come in he found it locked.

He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The custode, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the Cathedral. He looked around for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble except the confessional, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the Cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock.

First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar.

The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice: "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed, and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half hour the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; the same question was asked and no answer returned, and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked softly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck one the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out from the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "I will say Mass." He then walked up to the altar, where he saw everything prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion, the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years, every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do if I could for you in return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to some of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes; and one from which there was no return."

He then told them that the night before the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days.

His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well.

But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed.

This story was well-known to all his friends and contemporaries.

Curiously enough, on the Cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

PUNISHING INNOCENCE. — Evidence which had appeared sufficient to justify conviction, or even positive execution of sentence, has in some cases turned out to be a simple mistake.

The number of these cases is very great.

In Europe alone, and not going back more than two centuries, we could bring forward at least two hundred cases, in a large proportion of which sentence has been executed.

One of the most interesting is that of Helen Gillet, a young, handsome girl, in France, who, in 1625, was condemned to death for infanticide.

But public opinion believed so strongly in her innocence that even the executioner had not the courage to strike in cold blood, and thus twice missed his aim.

Then a frightful scene ensued.

The executioner's wife, fearing her husband might lose his employ, first tried to strangle the girl, and not succeeding, tried to cut off her head with a pair of scissors.

The enraged populace interfered by storming the scaffold, killing the executioner and his wife, and liberating her.

Her innocence was afterwards proved, and she received a free pardon.

Another case is that of the Marquis D'Anglade, who, in 1687, was accused of theft, and was, with his wife, a noble, high-spirited woman, thrown into a frightful prison, and, his judges, not finding him willing to confess a crime which he never committed, he was put on the rack, on which he died under the most agonizing tortures.

A year after, his innocence was established beyond doubt.

A story very much like the last is that of Jacques Letour, who, in 1689, was accused of murder, and died under his tortures. A month after his death, his complete innocence was proved.

All these cases happened in France, yet there is no lack of them in England either. Take, for example, the case of Colonel Charteris; he certainly was a scamp, but that did not give the right to the judge and jury to execute him, in 1731, for a crime which he never committed.

Or take the other curious case of Jonathan Bradford, who in 1730, was executed for murder, a case peculiarly instructive.

Bradford was so far guilty that he had the intention of committing the crime, but found the work done by another before him.

The real murderer confessed on his death-bed, eighteen months after. The case, however, of John Jennings, who was executed in Hull, in 1762, for a highway robbery of which he was altogether guiltless, is quite as strong an argument against the infallibility of the "twelve good men and true."

LIBRARIES existed in Egypt contemporaneously with the Trojan war.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

An off-hand article—The buzz saw.

A smart thing—A mustard plaster.

A "Miss" spent life—An o'd maid's.

The place for a retired broker—A stock-farm.

A stare-way—The theatre corridor after a matinee.

Dollars and sense are often strangers to each other.

What is that wh'ch, though never lost, is constantly found? A verdict.

Why is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon? Because his tail comes out of his head.

"If I rest, I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust, I bust!" is the American version of it.

The Crow Indians have become civilized enough to bale up rocks with their hay. This shows progress.

"Let every man add a good name to his other capital," quoted the forger, when he fixed his name to a ten-thousand-dollar check.

At a house where they do a great deal of fancy-work and keep a white poodle, an innocent gentleman asked: "Who knit the dog?"

The following advertisement appeared the other morning in the columns of a daily contemporary: "Wanted a nurse, for an infant aged about thirty."

The oldest peach-packer in the United States says the peach crop this year will be large. When asked about the probable size of baskets this year, he changed the subject.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

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In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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PURE COD LIVER
OIL AND LIME.
Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—Invalids need no longer dread to take that great specific for Consumption, Asthma, and threatening Coughs,—Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. As prepared by Dr. Wilbor, it is robbed of the nauseating taste, and also embodies a preparation of the phosphate of Lime, giving nature the very article required to aid the healing qualities of the Oil, and to re-create where disease has destroyed. This article also forms a remarkable tonic, and will cause weak and debilitated persons to become strong and robust. It should be kept in every family for instant use on the first appearance of Coughs or Irritation of the Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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WAREHOUSE
No. 21 & 23 South Sixth St.,
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DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.
Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. D. LANDRETH & SONS.

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Cure guaranteed. Dr. J. B. Mayer, 631 Arch St., Phila.

50 Large Chromos, new and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. Vann & Co., New Haven, Conn'd

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
For the cure of
SKIN DISEASES,
ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS. **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.
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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
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MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.
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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.
RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
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PAYING COMPLIMENTS.

WHEN Dr. Parr, charmed by the great lawyer Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West, the painter. Just before the famous Admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him, at a dinner in his honor.

Conversing with a gentleman who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print-shop where the "Death of Wolfe" was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no other pictures like it. "Because, my lord," replied the artist, "there are no other subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another such scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you, Mr. West?" cried Nelson. "Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!" Trafalgar realized the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting the "Death of Nelson."

The great French preacher, must have been exceedingly vain or exceedingly indifferent if he did not inwardly exult at hearing that Bourdaloue, being asked what he thought of the Father's preaching, replied, "He tickles the ears indeed, but he pricks the heart; people return at his sermons the purses they have stolen at mine." And Sir Walter Scott was no doubt delighted when the Italian writer Manzoni acknowledged his congratulations with, "My book is yours, for I owe it to the deep study I made of your works;" but he gave the Italian a Roland for his Oliver by replying "Then 'Il Promessi Sposi' (the greatest work of Manzoni) is my best novel." Scott, however, was not a whit more sincere than the gallant country mayor who, handing a handsome matron down to dinner, was rather taken aback by her observing, "I don't know, Mr. Mayor, whether you are afraid of the measles, but my little ones have them, and I myself have had a slight attack." But, equal to the occasion, he replied. "Madam I should be only too delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

Talking over Garrick's retirement, Dr. Beattie said he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of "Macbeth" that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakespeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations; supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idol with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick, it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of "Hamlet," "King Lear," or "Macbeth."

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, took a neat way of telling a lady that she was no ordinary specimen of the sex. "Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale," said he. "Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine; but ye're not of the bundle."

Not contented with giving verbal demonstration of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be "so lovely," slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying, "Not so lovely as what we have here!"

The Shah, however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of loadstone which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty.

At his first meeting with Mrs. Somerville, the French astronomer La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him—namely, Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs. Geig, of whom he had never been able to learn anything. "I was Mrs. Geig," was the quiet response. "So then there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naive compliment, but not one to stir the recipient's pulse, for, after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking, would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms.

THE English are to-day the nation whose dress controls the habit of the civilized world.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Lewis, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. S.

Belmont, Wisc., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. A. H.

Auburn, Mich., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

S. E.

Sevierville, Tenn, April 16, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. H.

Marengo, Ill., April 17, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. J. S.

Cuba, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours beats them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. D.

Carthage, Mo., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. R.

Columbus, O., April 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. M. S.

Laporte, Ind., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. K.

Nishnabotna, Mo., April 16, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. L.

Prestonsburg, Ky., March 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Columbus, Ind., April 17, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. S

Hamilton, Mo., April 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

D. N. C.

Saratoga, N. C., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

P. S. B.

Brantford, Kans., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. F.

Montgomery, Ky., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

F. W. S.

St. Joe, Mo., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

N. J. A.

Mt. Union, Iowa., April 16, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

W. S.

Facetiæ.

Eyes are not eyes when cigar-smoke makes them water.

The way to treat a man of doubted credit is to take no notes of him.

The man who cheats his landlord is open to the charge of ignore rents.

A Russian claims to have found a new substitute for rubber. It is strongly suspected that while traveling in this country recently he tackled a ham sandwich.

"No one will grieve for me!" cried a man as he jumped into the river to his death. And yet the coroner (although he went in quest of it) grieved because the body could not be found.

It is said "two hundred years ago the Indians indulged in Turkish baths." Yes, it must have been all of two hundred years ago. To judge from the one we saw last it might have been a thousand years ago.

Some men are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these animated apothecary shops, "An idea struck us yesterday"—and before we could finish, he advised us, "Rub the affected part with arnica."

Rev. Mr. Cook thinks there is nothing like a journey round the world to take the conceit out of a man. If the sea is rough, and the vessel stands up on her hind legs and takes a header, it takes out nearly everything else that is in the man, too.

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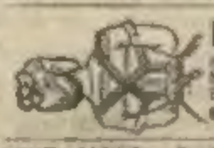

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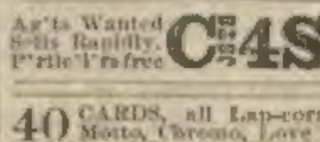

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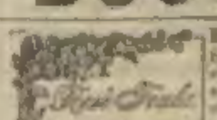

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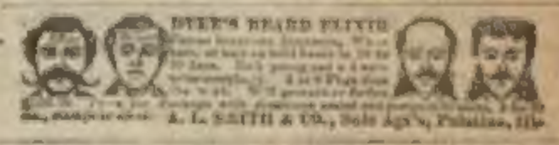

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE best of the new modes are as yet chiefly to be seen in the work-rooms of the most fashionable couturieres, whose clients decline to adopt the somewhat sensational styles that usually abound at the changes of seasons.

Nothing can be less sensational than the new materials, such as the plaited cloths, woven in imitation of Java canvas, the grenadine cloths, like a woollen etamine, and the small chine patterns so youthful and yet so becoming to people of all ages.

In direct opposition to these tiny patterns are the fabrics in large, plain chequers; the larger the chequer the more fashionable; these are in all kinds of combinations of color, navy blue and apricot, myrtle and brick red, pine green and wood brown, two shades of blue, brown and gold, etc.

Red and navy blue in large equal chequers are fashionable for children, and there are also medium sized plaids, with a turquoise or sapphire ground crossed by numberless hair lines in many colors, red, yellow, brown, green, etc., which will be much employed for costumes for young girls, with a skirt of plain fabric, or of the same, in which case the paniers and draperies will be of the same material.

The combination of plain and brocbe fabrics, always popular at this season, is no novelty, but likely to be very general. The plain material is used for the bodice with small points, large chequers and patterns being quite unsuitable for this purpose.

Wide flat pleats are very much in vogue for the skirts of cloth and serge costumes; they are pleated into the skirt band, the width of the pleats varying from four to six inches, according to the figure of the wearer. With skirts of sicilienne or gros-grain the upper part of the pleat is frequently covered with velvet or broche, and each wide pleat is separated from its neighbor by a fan pleating of silk. Seven or nine pleats are sufficient for a skirt.

A charming costume made in this way is of burnt cream twilled surah, a pale yellow white shade very becoming to brunettes, and myrtle green velvet.

The skirt is bordered with narrow pleatings of surah and a row of leaf-shaped velvet scallops tipped with chenille balls.

The wide velvet pleats of the skirt are finished off in the same leaf shape with the chenille balls falling softly over the surah pleatings.

In front is a tablier, cut in three points like a standard, made of surah covered with embroidery in silk and chenille in a pattern of bouquets of roses.

This new standard tablier is sometimes cut square, sometimes in three points, but is always covered with rich embroidery.

The dress has two bodices, one cut very low in front with a Medici collar of Alencon point, shoulder puffs of lace and sabots of the same on the elbow sleeves; the other corsage is a velvet coat bodice with a turned down collar and revers of embroidered surah matching the tablier. Even dresses of gauze and grenadine will be made with these velvet pleats.

Small tabliers draped in a point with five pleats are decidedly taking the place of scarf paniers; the tablier is draped on the left side under a large rosette of ribbon with three long double loops falling from it.

In a matter of mantles no improvement on the visite shape has yet been introduced; it will maintain its position as the favorite vetement of medium length, with a pointed sleeve in place of a round one, and longer in front than at the back.

There are, however, new trimmings, especially rich applique ornaments on the sleeves and short pleated postillion.

Visites of broche velvet, and chenille velvet, are trimmed with chenille ball fringe, and those of gros grain and plain ottomans with several ruches of narrow Chantilly lace put very close together and interspersed with little balls of chenille or jet pendants. Very pretty and coquettish vetements for young married ladies are made in the visite style, very short at the back and curved well in at the waist, but with long ends in front gathered a little at the waist, which gives a very pretty effect to the ends.

This model is made in rich fabrics such as Lyons brocade, Doria velvet, and brocades with raised flowers in velvet or chenille.

These materials are chosen in the same color as the dress; for instance, supposing the costume to be of brick red ottoman the mantle would be of brick red broche on a very dark ground, a rich brown, and trimmed with chenille balls in the two shades of the broche.

This plan of having the mantle to correspond with the dress is extremely stylish, and if made in seal brown, the darkest shade of green or blue, or in gray, the mantle can be worn with a variety of summer toilettes.

Scarfs of brocaded chenille are very much used as opera cloaks; the patterns are similar to those usually seen in brocades, that is detached flowers and pompadour bouquets, and the scarfs are bordered with fringe in all the shades of the bouquets.

Pelerines of chenille plush without any trimming are fashionable for young ladies; they are gathered on the shoulder to form a raised epaulette, and the right side crosses over on to the left, and is fastened with a rosette of ribbon.

Practical mantles of black materials are trimmed with from seven to fifteen ruches of narrow Chantilly lace, no matter what the shape of the vetement may be.

This kind of trimming is exceedingly light and pretty for the summer, especially on visites of broche grenadine with velvet flowers, and polonaise pelisses of striped velvet and gauze.

Colored confections are ornamented with similar ruches of narrow colored silk lace and capotes are made to correspond.

The little chenille balls interspersed amongst the lace are frequently beaded, and jet or gilt flies, nail heads, and gold headed pins are also employed in the same way.

Short jackets are made single-breasted with the military standing color, and sometimes their edges are cut into slender tabs, which are braided.

For a widow's second mourning bonnet there is a becoming one, with a coronet of dead black beads above the double rolls of white tarlatan in front.

A long veil of net, bordered with crape, falls from the side of the crown. In widows' caps there is some novelty, the square veil at the back falling with one point downwards, or else arranged from the front to fall at one side.

The mantles are of very rich materials this season, profusely trimmed with chenille and jet or lace.

There are the long pelisse, there are the short visites, tight-fitting jackets, and more simple little cape cloaks.

The last are very pretty in the Paisley pattern in shades of gray cachemire de oies, trimmed with gray chenille fringe, with one end turned over the left shoulder.

Nearly all have waistcoats, fastening in front, keeping the whole well fitting to the figure.

One mantle of thick gauze, with pines of jet beads, has lace flouncing forming the sleeves, very full at the shoulder.

Amongst the novelties of the season in materials for evening wear are the beautiful cashmere and Smyrna grenadines, with black or ecru grounds and broche cashmere patterns, palms or oriental designs of various colors showing well in relief on the transparent grounds.

Another novelty is the chenille grenadine with a pattern worked in chenille on the grenadine ground of the same or a contrasting color.

These grenadines make exquisite tunics over satin, moire, or plain faille skirts in light or dark colors; beautiful feather gauzes (a third novelty) are used for the same purpose, and are very useful to freshen up a soiled evening dress of some pale-colored silk.

The tablier is draped in a peplum point very frequently, and in each pleat two ends of ribbon are placed cross-wise, the tips cut like a swallow's tail.

The gauze or grenadine also forms the drapery behind terminating in a long full end; the long train is of the silk forming the skirt, either alone or covered with the tunic material puffed.

A good way of making the tunic is to have three breadths gathered into the waist and forming two undulating draperies on each side and a full pleat in the centre, the grenadine falling over the centre pleat in a series of regular loops and puffs.

Fireside Chat.

AMONG the subjects demonstrated by Miss Parloa in her lessons on cookery I select the following:

Breakfast dishes beginning with salt fish souffle. Eight good-sized potatoes had previously been pared and then boiled for half and hour.

The water was carefully poured off, and the potatoes were mashed fine and mixed with a pint of fine-chopped cooked salt fish. Three-fourths of a cupful of hot milk, two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, and small quantities of salt and pepper were added.

Two eggs were beaten and stirred in, and the mixture was heaped upon the dish on which it was served, and placed in the oven for ten minutes.

The whites of two more eggs were beaten to a stiff froth. A quarter of a teaspoonful of salt was added and then the yolks.

This preparation was spread upon the dish of fish, which was browned in the oven, and served at once.

A cupful of hominy was washed in two waters and stirred into a quart of boiling water.

A teaspoonful of salt was added, and the dish was boiled for nearly an hour. Miss Parloa mixed together a pint of the warm hominy, a pint of milk and a pint of flour, and after beating two eggs, she stirred them into the batter, adding a little salt at the time.

Of this batter excellent griddle cakes were made; the griddle being very hot to prevent the cakes from being tough.

For hominy muffins, a teacupful of boiling water was poured upon two tablespoonfuls of fine uncooked hominy.

After fifteen minutes' simmering this mixture was added to one consisting of a cupful and a half of boiling milk and a cupful of Indian meal.

The combined mixtures were allowed to cool, and when they were cool there were added to them two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful each of salt and baking-powder.

The batter was poured into small pans that had been heated and buttered. Fifteen minutes' baking gave delicious muffins.

The first step in the making of corn muffins was to mix together in a sieve, and finally rub through it, a teacupful of corn-meal, twice as much flour, a third of a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

Having put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a cup, Miss Parloa set the cup into a basin of hot water; and while the butter was melting, she beat three eggs very light and added to them a large cupful of milk.

This mixture she poured upon the dry ingredients, beating well all the while. The melted butter was added, and the mixture was poured into buttered muffin pans and baked twenty minutes.

Miss Parloa used white meal for these muffins, but said that yellow would have given about as good a result.

Several fine slices of halibut, about an inch thick, having been seasoned with salt and pepper, and allowed to lie in melted butter—covering both sides—for half an hour, were rolled in flour, and broiled for twelve minutes over a clear fire.

The halibut was served on a hot dish with a handsome garnish of parsley and slices of lemon.

Miss Parloa said that about three tablespoonfuls of melted butter should be allowed for each pound of the uncooked fish. Halibut was also served with maitre d'hotel butter, which was made by beating four tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream and gradually beating into it a tablespoonful each of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Both sides of a broiler have been buttered, the slices of halibut, seasoned with salt and pepper, were cooked over clear coals for twelve minutes, receiving a turning frequently.

The fish was placed upon a hot dish, and over it was spread the maitre d'hotel butter; a spoonful being used for each pound of fish.

Liver was cooked in a variety of ways. First, slices were dipped in butter and lightly in flour, and broiled eight or ten minutes over a bright fire.

A pound of liver was cut into small thin pieces, and after four tablespoonfuls of butter had been heated, the meat was cooked in it slowly for four minutes.

Two tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of curry powder, two slices of onion, a "speck" of cayenne and small quantities of salt and pepper were added, and after two minutes' cooking a cupful of stock was slowly added. The dish, after it had once boiled up, was announced to be a curry of liver.

For liver saute, liver was cut into very thin slices, and seasoned with salt and pepper.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter and a large tablespoonful of flour were heated together in a small frying-pan, and the liver was laid in and browned on both sides.

Two tablespoonfuls of water, one of wine, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley were added, and after Miss Parloa had tasted of the dish, to ascertain if it were salt enough, she boiled it up once, and served it.

A pint of potato balls were cut out of raw potatoes with a vegetable scoop, and boiled gently for twelve minutes.

The water was drained from them, and a cupful of boiling milk substituted. A teaspoonful of butter, a like quantity of chopped parsley and a scant teaspoonful of salt were added, and the dish was allowed to simmer eight minutes.

"We will begin with wine jelly," said Miss Parloa at another lecture. A box of gelatine had been soaked two hours in half a pint of cold water.

Upon it was poured a pint and a half of boiling water, and a stirring followed until the gelatine was dissolved.

A pint of sugar, a pint of sherry and the juice of a lemon were added, and part of the jelly was strained through a napkin into a border mould.

When it had become slightly hardened—a bed of ice being used to promote the hardening—a row of fresh strawberries was laid upon it.

A little more jelly was poured in, to hold the fruit in place; and when it had become somewhat solid the remainder of the jelly was added, and the mould put into the ice chest.

AMERICAN petroleum lights up Turkey, in spite of the Black Sea discoveries, and the tin cans in which it is exported are used after being emptied for water buckets, etc.

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

JENNIE, (Newport, R. I.)—Your mother is acting for your good in the matter. Take her advice by all means.

ELLEN, (Lyon, Minn.)—A young lady who devotes her life to the study of so ennobling and refining a science as music can never surely be open to the slur of being "fast."

H. E. T., (Marshall, Kansas.)—We know nothing concerning the reliability of the firm named. 2. Whether the one referred to be a humbug or not, we advise you to let all lotteries alone.

TYRO, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—By original story is meant, a story that is not only the pure production of the brain of the alleged author, but also one that has never before been published.

TOM, (Ocean, N. J.)—1. Bathe your eyes in salt and water night and morning. Make the solution weak at first, so as not to cause the eyes to smart. 2. We know of no one whom we could recommend.

HARRY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Time is the only remedy we have ever recommended "for producing a moustache." Give it time to grow, and the young ladies will think all the more of it when it is grown.

PETER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are entirely too young to keep company with a girl. In five or six years it will be time enough for you to think of matrimony. Your writing is fair but can be improved.

LONELY, (Kensington, Pa.)—It will be advisable for you to forget him. The probability is that he never had any affection for you, for if so, he would not have allowed a trifling quarrel with your brother to affect his feelings towards you.

ANXIOUS, (Worcester, Mass.)—Of course your lover should visit you during the engagement. Indeed, if you and he are content with only seeing each other twice a-week, you are much more easily satisfied than any engaged couple we have ever known.

M. W. W., (Bedford, Pa.)—The host should follow his guest, only stepping forward to open doors, and show his friends into the rooms. The rule is the same in receiving. Where there is any crowd the gentleman should walk first, to make way. But he must show the lady into her seat before seating himself.

EDWARD, (Freeborn, Minn.)—We do not sympathize with your pretentious notions. You might with propriety decline associating with others, on the ground of uncongeniality of taste and principles. A person who carries to force his acquaintance upon those who do not wish to associate with him must be lacking in the essential elements of true manhood.

GOLDEN, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The mystery of your fair friend we cannot solve; if we saw her perhaps we could hazard a conjecture. Few things are more injurious, in many subtle ways, to young women, than perpetual brooding on such topics as all your letter. There are "old maids" who are amiable, beautiful, and blessed in their lives and services to others.

SIXTEEN, (Montcalm, Mich.)—The requisites we regard as most essential in a lover are an agreeable person, accomplished manners, united with a sweetness of temper and disposition, free from levity and anything bordering on the ridiculous, an unblemished reputation, and a mind of respectable calibre. With a partner of this kind, none need fear to enter upon the sea of matrimony.

ANNETTE, (Newport, R. I.)—Taste and fashion are so fickle that we dare not pronounce absolutely on the question. Probabilities point in the direction you name. Not always; but in your case we believe we can. You have got the kind of temper that every woman should have. While naturally of a kind and forgiving disposition, you will allow nobody to invade your rights with impunity.

FRED, (Camden, N. J.)—Whatever the force of the argument against the match, your belief that the young lady is keeping something important from you is a sufficient reason for not being married at present. There ought to be perfect confidence between two persons who are to fight the battle of life together. You are not, perhaps, too young to be married; but in the circumstances some delay is probably a wise precaution.

ROBIN (Portage, O.)—In all cases of express warranty, if the warranty prove false, or the goods are in any respect different from what the vendor represents them to be, the buyer is entitled to compensation, or he may return them. But a general warranty does not extend to guard against defects which are observent to ordinary circumspection, or where the false representation of the vendor is known to the vendee: as if a horse with a visible defect be warranted perfect, or the like, the vendee has no remedy.

RENA, (Morgan, Va.)—Since you love the young man so earnestly, and are loved ardently in return, while all other circumstances are unusually propitious with the single exception of your family's approval, we would advise you by all means to marry the choice of your heart. It is more than probable that, seeing how little reason they had to be dissatisfied, your folks will soon be only too willing to give their approval and blessing. You have given many good reasons why you should accept your present suitor, and not one that should be any considerable weight against it. Marry him by all means, and be happy in pleasing yourself—for you are old enough to judge of what is correct, and write like a sensible woman—rather than live unhappy in trying to please and suit the whims of others.

BASHFUL, (Lebanon, Pa.) — The good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics and society that he is not aware of. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular inquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught carping concerning any current topic of immediate public interest. How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to preach, also belongs to the art of conversation.